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HOW THE KING REIGNED IN ARIEL

*"Behold, a King shall
reign in Righteousness!"*

RICHARD HAYES MCCARTNEY



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HOW THE KING REIGNED IN ARIEL

"Behold, a King shall reign in Righteousness!"

BY

Richard Hayes McCartney

Author of: "That Jew," "The Antichrist,"

"Jewish Title to Asia Minor," etc.

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no 1

“PATRIC”

(Miriam Elizabeth McCartney Morse)

*I fain would tell what Thou shalt see
IN Golden Age—so soon to be—
For faint indeed words to portray
The splendours of The Glory Day,
When we as Risen Saints shall stand
Mid beauties of the Holy Land;
And walk within The House of Praise
Singing to Him through endless days.
When purged of Sin, and tears, and pain,
Humanity in one grand strain
Shall worship Christ upon His Throne—
When worlds in all the spaces own!*

*Then, Thou, shalt be the one possessed
Of Gift from King, most truly blest—
A song bird singing in the light—
A song bird in a rapturous flight—
A song bird passing to and fro
Revealing Gifts He will bestow;
And so to others blessings bring
With Gifts given Thee by Christ The King.*

Chicago, July 1920.

HOW THE KING REIGNED IN ARIEL

CHAPTER I

A NIGHT'S RAMBLE

*Visions of The Night—or Day Dreams, which?
Lo, the things I beheld are true.*

NIGHT in a forest. I had been from my boyhood—aye in my manhood—a coward in the dark—so when I saw the tall dark trees where ever I turned—I surely stood there in a shiver of fear. Below my feet rich grasses, wet with night dew—and to my nostrils came the scent of flowers, a score of scents—the smell of the trees—the smell of bushes—the smell from the thousand flowers I could not see but I knew must be all about me—and as the tribute of the flowers rolled in on my quivering nerves the sense of fear faded away—and a holy calm fell on my mind. My eyes became accustomed to the surroundings—for the light of the stars stole here and there through the branches—the thick branches overhead—and I stood in a twilight land. And such silence—A profound calm—(not a painful, apprehensive silence) everywhere—the world most surely was asleep—asleep without a single care to cross the sleeper's mind—and make them stir restlessly with even the echo of sorrow—or a single thought foreshadowing of a bitter to-

morrow. Nature asleep—Nature at rest—no cry, no sigh, no motion to fret in any measure, the benediction of a blessed calm. No tree top rustled—no leaf stirred, no branch cracked, no twig snapped, no breath of wind, no murmur of a zephyr—motion had died—and all silence. No stir of bird, no rustle in the nest, no owl cry, no bat-wing—no creature—man, nor beast, nor fowl, nor bird, nor insect to break the wonderful calm. And yet my heart, my soul knew well that Life wonderful, life multitudinous was all around me—not a dead tree, nor branch, nor bramble, nor flowers, nor flower, nor smallest tiniest blade of grass dead—all around me mysterious life, but life at rest, at ease, in slumber sweet.

And of a sudden—from some tree branches of a glade not far away—there burst a melody of song—a song of life, of joy, of gladness, of delight, of praise, until the woods were full of it, and every tree, and brush, and grass, and flower were all listening to it—and in their dreams felt the rich pulsations of that song—the song of a nightingale. It was a prayer, a hymn of praise, and as I listened my soul too as of a bird felt beneath itself—wings wherewith to upwards soar—and, lo, the bird and my soul surely stood in the Presence of our **God**.

But of creature life I heard no sound, no breathing, no motion—slumber was not disturbed to the trembling of an eyelash.

And I stepped out—I knew not where—I heeded not the compass point, simply an inclination to move on.

Then, lo, the trees grew less thickly—the brightness overhead more distinct, more gracious, my feet stood in an open place—suddenly again a great fear on me—for, lo, there in my pathway a most gorgeous colored snake—with every scale as it were a small jewel glistening, in one vast coil. The flattened head was right before me, we were face to face. I started back—I expected to see the flash of eyes, the nervous fangs, the quivering of the folds—and the fatal spring—But no motion—was it dead? no, living jeweled thing—one could see the pulsation of life in every fold, it beheld me, but gave no sign of anger.

And what was that a few feet further on—no mistaking the tawny colored things—the one full maned, the paws stretched out, the great head resting on the paws, another great creature, maneless, and by her, motionless, a pair of cubs. The Lion surely in my path—and there—I started, put up my fingers to brush from mine eyes the foolish fancy of my brain—there close to the Lion lay a calf—and not a foot from there a lamb—and all, all this strange company in a profound peaceful slumber. At first came the thought to flee—to turn swiftly from this seemingly dangerous place—but on my soul came a perfect assurance, and e'er I were aware I had passed close to the snake, stood by the lion, so standing in their midst—and then securely safe, stepping out, stood beyond them. And so continued my way—and before me the woods more thickly stood, I was entering again where the tall

trees stood closer together and their thick branches overhead shut out the light of the brilliant sky.

For overhead the heavens were without a cloud, full of stars, and from one portion of the sky, which I deemed the East, a strange peculiar reflected gleam—as if from a many hued sun, or moon—the light a mingling of the colors of the rainbow. Now as I stepped from the open to the darker place I suddenly stumbled against a gigantic body—bewildered for a moment—but instantly I knew that mass which barred my pathway was a living creature—yes, there a mighty white tusked elephant in slumber lay. He stirred not at my stumble over him—slept on all unconscious of my fall and fright—and; lo, my eyes, growing more accustomed to the twilight of the overhanging branches—beheld, all around me a sleeping herd of elephants. I turned not back, but right through the midst of the sleeping animals my feet went forward, turning aside now to the right, now to the left, to avoid treading on their feet and so found a safe passage way. They lay in every conceivable manner—all shapes, all sizes, long tusked fathers, smaller mothers and babies of all ages. On through a breadth of silent wood, with stately trees above my head—until at last I stood where the woods ended and the open country of hill, and dale, and valley, swept far away beyond my kin. But e'er I stepped to the open mine eyes again beheld—a beautiful spotted leopard, a black bear lying on the grass, all in slumber; and not a score of yards from them a group of half a dozen oxen, a flock of sheep—and.

may, would mine eyes credit it—there lay a yellow striped tiger stretched out in full; and there with his body lying on the tiger, as if on a mat, with a little hand on the paw of the great cat—his curled head resting on the tiger's head—a boy child fast asleep—but the tiger's eyes shone like living balls of fire, watchful, keen, alert, watching the child's slumbers. He knew I was looking at the twain, for, lo, the graceful tail rose gently and patted the grass, as if by that sign he would say to me—I welcome you—be not afraid.

I noticed that all the trees were very symmetrical, not scraggy in limb, nor distorted in the trunk—but trees which seemed to have been taken care of from their first sprouting.

I was now approaching a clump of trees, in height of a more dwarfish appearance than those I had passed by; there came to me the scent of ripening fruit—I was soon walking amid apple, peach and plum trees. I noticed quite a number of orange trees—in bud, in blossom and with fruit of all stages of ripening. I plucked a peach—how luscious—it melted in my mouth like fresh sweet cream.

And here again a surprise for on the ground I beheld some half a dozen sleeping forms—I stood several minutes to gaze on them—were they homeless, poor outcasts compelled to take shelter in the woods for want of house shelter? But a quick examination dispelled such a thought—for the woman's dress was of rare purple, the man's dress bespoke no ways

of poverty—the four children of various sizes—a family group who had lain down to sleep in the woods. Were they then so far from human habitation that night had overtaken them? Yet their dress bore no soil, nor stain of travel—the rather they had come only a little distance and from sheer love of the open air had here taken repose—the flowers in the hands of the little ones, the chaplet of flowers around the mother's head—the branches of varied ripened fruits nearby, as if thrown down carelessly—all denoted not travelers but pleasure seekers. No watch dog, no guard to warn of any foeman, nor beast—it was a scene denoting the utter absence of fear on the part of the entire family. As I passed on, not a score of paces away, a large beast stretched out full length, and by its side, his right hand entwined in the yellow mane—a youth and lion fast asleep, boon and fellow companions—the bush end of the lion's tail covering the boy's feet.

I went on—and soon before me stretched the open cultivated country. I had not wandered far until I came to, in the open field, a mighty heap of winnowed grain. And here a herd of cattle—oxen, cows and calves lying down peaceably at the edge of the grain heap, showing plainly that they had eaten a hearty meal not of the stubble but of the large kernels of wheat. And came the thought, surely I must be in an exceedingly fruitful country where the cattle can eat winnowed grain.

CHAPTER II

NO WATCHMAN CRIETH IN THE STREET

E'ER the morning light tinted the East I stood in the City—stood evidently in the very center of the mart—but it was most assuredly a deserted City. From the time my feet entered its outskirts and all along the wide street, surely for a mile or more, not a person crossed my path nor looked at me from store, nor door, nor window. The streets ample and wide—Along the sidewalks trees of shade, standing there motionless, not a leaf stirring, as if they too slept. No policeman met I—and no sound of watchman's foot, nor voice. Here were buildings massive, stately with an air of stability. None of the buildings over three stories I should judge by the range of windows. A uniformity in the long line of buildings on either side—not but that the buildings differed in architectural effect, for indeed hardly any two buildings alike in design showing a wonderful display of multiplicity of effect—but one and all built in a manner and of such material as would not seem aged had the summers and winters of a century kissed them. And this spot surely the center of the City, for in this place a wide circular space of ground, a plot of flowers in full bloom, with a large fountain, rich with carved figures and statuary, the

waters falling with a soft splash in the marble basins. Some trees of shade, not tall but rather dwarfish in height—still high enough for the passer by to linger under their shadows, there were seats for resting scattered all around the circle. All the streets radiated from this circle; and every street met at the outskirts if followed brought surely the feet to the central spot.

I noticed one of the Buildings facing this pleasure and resting spot was most beautiful. Of highly polished onyx stones—the columns on which the facade of the building rested of red and green porphyry—it was a building of simple lines yet of a rare magnificence. I went anear, and standing on the street right in front, saw the words in golden letters along facade **Branch of The Bank Universal**. A flight of marble steps, highly polished, led to the business floor—I ascended and was rather surprised to see the portals had no door, the entrance way stood open, no bar, nor chain to hinder. Just as my feet touched the level of the floor, I saw some animal crouched in the passage way which opened to the interior. A monster dog surely—was this the watch dog? I hesitated, and as I did the creature moved, slowly rose to its feet—and, behold, the largest and most beautiful leopard that I had ever seen. Slowly the creature came towards me, I could distinctly hear its purr, the purr of a pleased cat, the tail switched from side to side gracefully, and then it stopped, stretched out its paws, crouched down half way its head and forefront

of body—was it about to spring on me? but no, one has seen a cat suddenly awoken from slumber stretch itself in such a manner—another minute and it was rubbing its head against my legs—softly purring like a pleased cat welcoming its master. It lifted up its eyes to mine—how they sparkled like a pair of jewels—but no fierce glitter of hate nor rage there—the leopard was giving me a welcome. Unconsciously my hand patted the sleek, velvety head; and then, as if it wanted more sleep it crouched down taking no further notice of me. And so I entered in the building—the great hallway, graced by pillars, ran through the entire building—a most spacious and lofty hall—with large chambers on either hand, and down on either side, except where passage ways broke in, long wide marble counters, behind which no doubt in day time the men stood to do the service required by any person who called on them. On entering one of the chambers my eyes lit on long marble tables, or tables with boxes, the outer edges higher than the center and there a mighty pile of yellow metal—golden coins until one stood amazed at the amount. No door, no bar, no chain, no bolt, no vault, no strong box—but there millions on millions to the touch, to the handle of the comer. Where was the watchman, nay the score of watchmen? What wild madness for any owner to leave such almost uncountable wealth, scattered there to touch and sight of profane hands and eyes. I stood there—listened for cry or foot of guardian but over all a stillness most profound—nature

asleep—yet no thought of death or desolation came to the mind, I knew, I felt a world of life was anear—but I could neither see, hear, nor feel of life's pulsations. My hand touched a coin—a broad gold piece—on one side a raised design showing an olive branch emblem of Peace, on the reverse—a lion with a single Hebrew word beneath—which I knew stood for—"Jerusalem". I let the coin fall from my fingers and suddenly there was a shimmering, and clinking of gold pieces, as if a shower—it startled me—and yet the falling coin only happened to strike some coin which held many a coin in place—the clinking awoke some echos—for it ran around the chamber, then aloft as if chiming bells had borne the sound to lofty upper places, then the settled calm silence as before. And so this, the Bank where the City's treasure stood to open stare of every passer by, to touch of any wanderer's hand, whose footstep led them here.

Out to the city street again—and as I passed the stores I noticed now not a door to hold the passers' feet from entering in. By the display in the windows this must be a jeweler's mart—I entered in and surely the place was all ablaze with jewels, piled here and there in trays on the counter, such a variety of blazing things—of every color dreamed or thought of—colored stones of colors I never saw before—and, as a boy would, I bathed my hands in the jewels, full of stones lifted hands, and poured them down a stream of wondrous light. Gems scattered around in almost studied confusion of size, design, polish—

finished and unfinished stones—some showing the lapidary's unfinished work—perchance the evening closing hour had come e'er hand had finished the wanted design. And here no guardian—but the same silence. I touched some of the jewels—never had I touched such stones before, tenderly took up one—it was such a gracious one—it lay in the palm a bright red blaze—nay, it looked as if the outer casing, glory held within, an imprisoned liquid light that ran hither and hither as if looking for some vein to escape.

Again in the street—and this a store of Dry goods—I passed down the way between the counters—such rich and rare silks, satins, brocades, such heaps of lace, most delicate, airy cobwebs of surely patterns exquisite. Bewildered at such profusion of stuff for women's wear, I had never seen nor dreamed of before. And so from store to store—from place to place—craftsman's handiwork displayed—and everywhere the fear of theft seemed never had entered the owner's head. Everything lay as if let fall gently, suddenly from the hand of seller and buyer when a certain hour had come. As if seller and buyer walked out of shop, and store, without ever one thought of hiding or guarding the most precious things, a careless act to do. And came the thought—no thief in all this City—the fear of wrong from any hand seems foreign to the owners of these things. But while I reveled mine eyes mid these unguarded treasures the morning had come—the moon had paled, and sunshine lay up the street.

Hark! a peal of bells—and now from every side—the joy bells ringing, as if chiming bells circled the City—yet distant chimes—but melodious, clear, that set the air palpitating with the motion of music.

Whence came it? I saw neither Bells nor ringers—I beheld The Bank Building with a high tower. it stood above the surrounding buildings—quickly I cattered, ran swiftly up the winding stairway—and, lo, I stood above the main circling buildings—and there all around the outskirts of the City, behold, the dwelling place of men. A distance—but so clear the atmosphere I could distinguish objects as if to mine eyes had been held the sharpest glass. And, lo, before the doorway of every dwelling place, that I could see, stood human beings—of all ages—the Father, the Mother, the Boys, the Girls—Then suddenly it came—a sound of song of mighty volume—filling all space, leaping upward, the glad song lark like—confusion and discord absent—thousands were singing—aye, a hundred thousand voices—bass, alto, soprano and tenor blending together—a song of thankfulness and praise. I stood there thrilled in body, soul and spirit—drinking in every fiber—that melody sounding louder than the mighty ocean in wildest tumult—but sweet as if a child had caught an angel's song from Paradise and sung it flawless. It ended—and it were like the closing of the lattice work of the gates of Paradise, so no sound came forth—and I descended as one intoxicated with joy, as if not treading on earth, but in palpitating air.

CHAPTER III

*Bread, meat and fruit to all was free,
And open wide heart's door—
Who suppeth with the King shall see
No want for ever more.*

SAUNTERING leisurely down one of the streets, stopping now and then at a store window to observe some strange novelty—suddenly was brought to my mind—that in all my City wanderings I failed to see three things—so prominent in all so called Christian Cities the world over—Namely: No Saloons, No Drug stores, and not a sign either on window, door, or hanging plate—telling where a Physician, Doctor or Specialist could be found. Was I not mistaken on that point?—surely this Trinity that cursed and blest humanity was not absent—I had simply passed them in a fit of abstraction. I turned, went to the next street, and faced back to the centering space with quickened footsteps—peering at every house, of either side of the street—at last I stood in the circle, swept my eyes keenly around—from top front window to basement—and there was no disputing the fact of the utter absence so far as I had noticed—of Dram Shop, Drug store and Doctor's sign.

But I was no longer alone—the sound of many feet in the air, I saw scores of men coming up the various streets, some entering the distant stores, some entering the various buildings facing the circle—some entering in the bank. And quickly I noticed they were the Janitors, store cleaners—One thing again noticed I—not a single woman among them—They were all tall, well formed men, with a free, swinging, independent gait—and all the perfect picture of health. I could see that the work of sweeping, dusting etc. was quickly and rapidly performed. Yet not in silence—for from that store a snatch of melody—from this store the merry whistle of a heart free of care. And soon a louder tramp of feet, and troops of men came up the various streets entering in the different stores. And among the various hundreds of clerks not a single person under twenty years of age—and not a single woman. A business race of young men—and every face I beheld without the care worn look—without a frown on lip, in eye, or drooping corners of the mouth. And then I suddenly noticed for the first time—the utter absence of electric, Cable or horse cars. I looked along various streets but not a sign of a steel rail—so then without a doubt all these men had walked from their homes to their place of business. And such men—all perfect specimens of humanity—red cheeks, red lips, bright eyes, fresh faces, open, clear, with mostly a smile to greet the passing one. And all dressed neatly, some in loose garments, some in close fitting ones, of ma-

terial as varied as colors in a rainbow. A very race of athletes—quick in step, firm in tread, swift of motion—a cripple, a deformed person of any kind not seen among the hundreds—aye, thousands now that could be covered by a sweeping glance of eye. And now the hum of machinery—the low buzz of countless wheels, and spinning shafts, and gliding belts—The work of the day had commenced. Then I noticed the absence of towering chimneys, and utter absence of trailing smoke. I would find the factories. So in the direction where the loudest hum of wheels came from, my feet I turned. And soon a large building caught mine eye—not tall, but covering much ground, and many windowed, it stood with trees of shade flanking each side, and a space between street and building where grew countless flowers, some rich in color, and some rich in sense of sweetness. I entered one of the doors, a spacious room indeed, of high ceiling, and cheerful with the light of a score of open windows—letting in the brilliant sunshine and the pure, invigorating morning air. And what a world of spindles—with cotton in all the various processes of becoming thread—up a flight of stairs, and here another lordly chamber with a hundred looms weaving, and ever weaving fabrics of a score of colors, sizes, shapes, designs to clothe and make a service for humanity. And then the strangeness of it—not a child either boy nor girl—aye, not a woman toiling in the entire building. All comparatively young men, bright, keen, alert—cheerful faces,

intently interested each man in his work. I wandered unquestioned up and down the building—beheld the rough cotton, the making of the thread, the dyeing of the various colors, the weaving, the assorting, the packing—and in every department an utter absence of loafing, carelessness, indifference—but all doing the very best, giving the very best thought of brain, the deftest working hands. And this went steadily on, no slavish service, but business linked with a pleasure of performing an allotted task with best that in them lay.

Then a whistle—a score of whistles in the air—a sudden stoppage of wheels—noon had come—and time for noon time meal. Then each man to the Lavatory, the splashing of water, the rubbing of towels—and out, some alone, some in groups, all to the nearest restaurant for no cold lunches here, no one lingered in the building, no eating bits and scraps. I followed to a Restaurant and from the doorway saw the various tables, around which seated friends, joined in joke, in wit, in conversation. A good natured crowd, no cursing, no harsh word, no angry scowl if one table served before another. Here the utter absence of haste. Each and all contented for the other to be served—No special tables, no special bill of fare, no large or smaller portions. The meat rich and juicy, the vegetables fresh, the bread a dainty morsel, and the native wines, the milk, the tea, the coffee of the best and most delicious. Curiosity drew my feet to the circle—here surely the great magnates would lunch in state, but not so, for

companionship blossomed here to a most healthy flower. The Managers sat with their cronies—who may be an artist, an author of world wide fame—or may be the lowest clerk—but a clerk who had the power to fascinate with conversation or social attractiveness, winning the heart and mind of others to cheerful comradeship. Then here an utter absence of foolish dignity—a socialism of the purest kind, but not of the absurd kind, that would make all mankind of a dull level. One could readily see—that men were revered for the nobler gifts of humanity, a homage paid to some for intellectual attainments—natural gifts that God gave to some, withholding from others—but when the Greatest met the smaller it was in one common bond of brothership—brothers all loving one another—Some brothers acknowledging a superiority, a heaven given gift given to another brother—a homage paid sincerely, a homage received without pride of soul and domineering manner. And then no seeming eagerness to rush back to toil—surely an ample space of time to rest of any weariness from early toil. Then a whistle, a hundred whistles—and back to Bank, to store, to factory—and again in the whirring of ten thousand wheels in the air. Did I feel hungry? when the toilers had departed I entered in one of the Restaurants. I sat down by a table and up came a waiter—or evidently the head waiter if not the manager. With a smile: "Do you wish to be served, Friend!" I nodded my head—in a few minutes a good repast, smoking, sat before

me. I ate heartily, everything tasting most delicious to the palate—good fare and good cooking. When I had finished—suddenly came the thought—Where-with to pay with? I vainly searched my pockets—not a single coin. Evidently the manager nearby noticed my confusion. He stood there smiling: “No money, my friend—let it not trouble thee—No man in The King’s realm may want for bread. Nay, no apology—thy word is enough—I think thou art a stranger in our gates? And you know the King said: ‘It is more blessed to give than receive,’ therefore on me the favor conferred, as you have honored my table, so think not of future payment.”

CHAPTER IV

WERE ALL MEN LIARS?

I HAD some conversation with mine host; and perceiving I was a total stranger in new surroundings—he kindly said that he was at my service for sometime (as his cares for the day about over) to answer as best he could any questions I should ask. He proposed to sit in the shade near the great central fountain, and there on an easy seat, side by side we sat. A most delightful spot—with the music of the falling water murmuring in our ears. I observed:

“You must have some very rich men in this City?”

“Rich! well that is as how you regard riches—you remember, ‘a man’s life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.’”

“I mean in monetary matters, gold, stocks, bonds—”

“Stocks! Bonds! What are they—I do not understand your terms?”

I looked at him in amazement—he decidedly had the appearance of an educated man—was he joking?

No, the open face showed plainly he did not catch my meaning.

“Well, have you not men of very large fortune—property, like farm lands and buildings—men who

control your railways, steamships, telegraph, telephones and the like?"

"Why, no; why should we have such men? The richest man in this City is Manager of yon bank—he gets some twenty thousand a year—he owns his own homestead, some ten acres with buildings—if ought else I know not—and what would he possibly want of more?"

There was no mistake, from the man's face one would judge that this man was speaking the truth—I fairly gasped—the richest man in the City only getting twenty thousand a year—and that regarded as enough! "Then where do the millionaires of this country reside—where are the very rich men—the men who control Trusts and Monopolies?"

The man's face clouded up—as if I had spoken in a strange tongue and could not grasp my meaning.

"Stranger, you are using terms not in common use; no doubt when a youth at school I learned of them, but when a man is three hundred years old he may be pardoned if he deem obsolete, words not used in daily vocabulary—and so forgotten."

I arose quickly—what a mistake I had made in thinking this man one of understanding—he was a most notorious liar, or a lunatic. I arose in disgust with myself. He saw the look on my face—and gently demanded: "What is the matter—Have I offended you?"

I answered rather indignantly:

‘Sir, do you take me to be a fool—to listen to such driyelling?—A very good day to you!’

And I walked quickly away. He called after me, but I paid not the slightest attention to him. This man of fifty to say he was three hundred years old!

I was fleet of walk, and soon left this three-hundred-year-old prevaricator behind. Again the whirl and burr of wheels caught my ear—my feet had brought me to another factory site. Again an ample space of ground, low trees of shade, beautiful flowers, a long two story building of cut stone of considerable architectural beauty—showing that the workmanship had neither been of a hasty character, nor slip shod in any manner, but a building that only skilled mechanics could complete. The open door invited my entering. It was a shoe factory. The very large room housed a great many machines, machines that worked fairly silently, without loud noise—and each machine tended by a full grown man. In the entire building not a girl or woman, nor a youth under age. The first machine started the building of a shoe—the last machine at the other end of the building turned out a perfect shoe. Here each machine continued the work started by the first—the forming shoe passed along the line—falling at last at the Packer’s table. The first thought, how large and airy, how clean, how neat the room—the second thought—what a splendid body of men—each the picture of health—a perfect specimen of manhood. Each stood at his machine with alert wide awake-

ness, quick of eye, of hand, of brain, working and striving for a bit of perfect work as was possible to turn out. No slighting, no careless handling, but a steady determination to do the best that in him was. A cheerful, bright evidently happy and contented set of men. No hard set features, no bloated faces, no scowling face, no sneering lips, nor nostril, no sour looking, disappointed, dissatisfied, reckless, careless set of men. It did one good to gaze into their faces—of different nationalities plain to see, some stouter than others, some a trifle taller, but on the whole a stalwart full chested, full winded, brawny set of men—every one with intelligence stamped on his features. I had never seen such a body of men before collected under one roof. A man—evidently the Manager had come forward and greeted me with:

“Peace to you, my friend!” I returned his salutation with a bow and questioned:

“You have picked your men surely!”

“Picked my men, what do you mean by that?”

“How otherwise could you have obtained such a splendid body of men except by careful selection.”

The manager smiled with a half puzzled look on his face.

“Why should I have to pick my men—are they not of the common ordinary height, build and intelligence?”

“Then surely your City is blest above all others!”

“Not that I know of, sir: one may go to the four points of the compass and find them anywhere—”

"Impossible! I have traveled too much of this earth to take this without qualification—But how is it that you have not the usual number of women, girls and boys to—"

"Women, Girls, Boys—What do you mean, sir, I have been manager in this factory for over one hundred and fifty years—in fact all my working days have been spent in a shoe factory, and never yet have I seen woman, girl or boy working in a factory."

I looked at the man in blank astonishment—was—was every man I happened to converse with—a liar! One hundred and fifty years—the man was not over forty—not a day. And this fellow was also poking fun at me—What was there in my appearance to make them imagine I would listen to their nonsense—I would not be made a butt of their jests. Without a word I turned abruptly and strode from the room.

At the door I glanced back—every man in the room was standing idle at his machine—they, with the manager, were gazing after me, astonishment clearly depicted on each countenance. What was the matter with myself? did I not hear correctly? I listened to a bird who sat on one of the shade trees singing a pretty thrilling—I listened to it never so carefully to bird song before—without a doubt my hearing was acute—why did these two men make a jest of me? But the air, the sky, the beautiful trees and flowers wooed me quickly from my ill favor—one could not help feeling full of cheer, and forgiveness, and forgetfulness of unpleasant thoughts in such surround-

ings. What happy faces around me. I was going towards the outskirts, and from the outskirts were coming many people—the most of them grown women of all ages. And such women—not a sickly feeble one among them. What tall, well shaped, strong, hearty looking women. Some alone, some in groups, but all full of health, such a carriage, swing of person—one almost could say—Amazonians—but no, they all looked such womanly women. Such sweet, bright, modest yet fearless faces, such bright eyes, such ample foreheads, such coils of hair—ah me, they did one a world of good to see. And dresses—aye, dresses of rich material, but plain, simple, but with simplicity of magnificence—The rich material worn without ostentation, conceit, or pride. And such varied colors, such effect, aye, it delighted the eyes to see simplicity, modesty gentleness, wedded to such magnificence (the wearers seemingly all unconscious) that in my country only Queens and wealthy ladies could afford such. Towards the City—no doubt to buy, to bargain and purchase things to make themselves still more beautiful—if that could be. Women of wealth they must be—then where their carriages—where the street cars? these women walked as if used to such, as if they loved it, as if this walking was enjoying a luxurious pleasure. They passed by—and I on to the place of residence. Every house detached. Every house in its spot of green—its trees, its shrubs, its flowers. Such varied architecture—it was a cunning brain to devise such manifold ideas of home buildings. And then the chil-

dren—they were everywhere—boys, girls by the scores, the hundreds, all sizes, ages, rosy cheeked, bright eyes—aye, but the heart sang out in joy to see such sight as this—no cripple, no stunted one, no timorous, no weak, no pale, sallow complexioned one—aye, it was a very cheery sight to see—and I could not help saying out: God bless the children!

Homes! Homes! Homes! Why they ran ahead of me, were on every side of me—and when I saw such cheerful, comfortable looking homes—I felt my soul was crying in very joy. No tenements, no barrack looking rookeries, no flats, no foul alleys, no dirt covered houses, no broken panes, no faded, broken clapboards—no broken windows filled with old clothes, no paper patched windows, no smoky blackened walls—aye, my soul, the pity of that grim world from whence I came! and this, and this in homes—was paradise indeed.

And now a glimpse of the open world—and here at last the shining tracks of Railways, the crowded freight houses, the rushing to and fro of Electric Engines, and passenger, and freight cars—tram cars coming down the alleys between every street from the business places up in the city laden with merchandise of every description—to be sent to the various towns, villages and homes adjacent to this City. Evidently in the public streets no wagons or tram cars for the carrying of merchandise allowed—all traffic confined to the very wide alleys running from the circle to the outskirts—Hence the public streets alone for

human use—where without danger one could come from the dwelling places to the business-down-town-heart of the city without meeting a single obstruction—or dangerous crossing. But as yet all was of a mysterious character to me—so unlike my world of yesterday—my world full of open sin and violence, of crime, of fretting poverty—a world of sick, and cripples—a world of slaves—where oft the hardest toil but won a pittance for today's wants, and provided no bread for the morrow. The world of unrest, of pain, of discontent, of unhappiness—where rich monsters lapped up the earnings of the poor, sucked down their strength, their manhood, their brawn, their beauty—and threw sucked humanity on the ash piles to suffer and to die. A world made by God—but, said unbelief, "Forsaken by Him, and given to the Evil One to work his pleasure on a pain shrieking humanity!"

My world was shadowed by Death, and tornado, and shaken by Earthquake, blasted by blight and locust and famine—cradled in crime, nursed by wretchedness—and abhorred seemingly by High Heaven. And this world—Whose World? Who would tell me, I was an ignorant child—I strutted away in anger from the two persons who would tell. Nay, I shall not scorn the third—the first that comes shall tell me of things I know not, and I shall listen to the end, no matter how tall, how gigantic the Lie!

CHAPTER V

THE WANDERING MINSTREL

*Lo, to and fro o'er Earth he goes—
And from his lips on reed there flows
The magic strain, that Bliss bestows.*

I HAD heard no footstep—yet I felt the presence of some one behind me. I turned to see, not ten feet from me, standing, gazing at me, a most singular pair. Was one a man or woman? from the form I should judge a man, from the sweet winsomeness of the face I should judge a woman. The figure fairly tall, rather broad of shoulder, narrow at hips (therefore a man) but the whole figure slight to the average man I had beheld in the City, graceful in poise, and with a singularly attractive personality. The head covered with a scarlet colored cap—a single eagle feather pinned to the side of cap by a most magnificent amethyst, that glowed and flashed light like a star. The hair, yellow, fell somewhat down on the shoulders on a broad scarlet collar edged with lace, the collar fastened around the neck with strings that ended in tassels. The upper garment of gobelin, green, beautiful cloth—tight fitting gathered at the waist by a belt—the clasp a bunch of rare diamonds, the sleeves wide at the top narrowed at the wrist with cuffs of

rare lace. The light breeches of same colored cloth met at the knees—then tight fitting dark stockings; on feet, Shoes tanned with the hair outside, close fitting, elastic, pliable without our clumsy sole and heel, and for buckles each a sparkling ruby. The face of a youth—the high, broad forehead, the open, clear, grey eyes, the pupil often changing to a darker shade—the nose straight, the nostrils thin and delicate, the mouth rather wide with the lower lip full and wine colored. No hair upon the face. And his companion, standing close to his side, a lordly lion perfect in every limb—with long mane, and great large liquid eyes—the master's left hand on the lion's head—together a perfect picture.

The youth, cap in hand, made a graceful bow—and a voice clear and sweet as the song of a lark on summer morning:

“May the Peace and Blessings of **The King** rest upon thee!”

I bowed; but in astonishment said never a word.

“I preceive thou art a stranger in Hillah; thy face denotes thou art puzzled on many things; may I be thy servant to explain to thine ears of anything thou knowest not of.”

He had held out his hand, the fingers long, slender and delicate, but as they grasped mine, the pressure of them brought to my mind “Fingers of steel”—there was amazingly subtle strength there.

“Yes, a stranger—interested—startled at the strange

manners around me; and so far have found no reliable person to explain."

"Reliable!" he exclaimed—"How?—the lips of the dwellers of Hillah are clean of lies; and as to deceive a stranger—is something passing new—in what particular, my dear sir?"

"Why one man seemingly fifty years—declared he was some three hundred years old; another seemingly forty at most, said he had been foreman in a shoe factory one hundred and fifty years!—What reliance can one place on such testimony as this?—had I asked them other questions undoubtedly their answers would have been equally absurd!"

His face had changed during my protest from one of seriousness to that of merriness.

"I see, I see!" he exclaimed. Then turning to the lion at his side, he demanded—"Hô, Prince, how old art thou?"

Immediately the lion's paw was stretched out—and it traced in the dust at my feet two characters—figures plainly—99, and the lion looked up in my face, and bent his head as if in confirmation.

The Youth eyed me as I read—and putting his hand gently on my hand said: "Nay, kind sir, none hath deceived thee as to their ages—Prince is indeed 99—and of the two men—both told the truth."

Conviction dawned on me—then in what world was I? surely on earth—above the blue sky—the dust—the earth below my feet, the trees, the shrubs, the flowers, all as of old but now in more glorious perfec-

tion. But suddenly I heard a happy voice, a child's voice cry out: Ricardo! Ricardo!"

It was taken up by a score, a hundred, flying from lip to lip until a thousand voices of children on all sides rang with the name. Trooping they came with laugh and shout—they surrounded the man and lion. Such shaking of hands—such climbing and crowding on the lion's back—and both man and beast thoroughly enjoying the welcome.

"Ricardo! Ricardo! play us a song!" cried one little fellow—the cry taken up—and in less time than it takes to tell—they had fallen back a few feet, a circle most pleasant to behold, happy, merry and now expectant little folks all around. The lion stretched himself on the ground and soon every part of his body covered with children except the large head, and that one child had crowned with flowers. And Ricardo—for evidently this his name—with a ringing laugh of assent, drew from an inner pocket of his dress—a slender reed—it was a simple pipe that could have been cut in any pool or margin of lake—It lay at his lips—and such melody! It were vain to describe—what was it, whence came it, was he an angel or man of human birth? Did he play an hour—or just one minute—or was it only a brief second that the thousand children stood there to listen? The carol of a lark, the love breathings of a nightingale poor to this. "Again, good Ricardo; again, good Ricardo!"

And with a winsome smile he played again. I watched his face—the eyes were closed as if he

beheld in the shutting the notes of music composed in heaven—and held to his inner eyes by unseen angel's hands. He played another—and still another. Then stopped—

“I have done little ones, Peace dwell with you I must away.—”

The reed was hidden in the vest, his arm glided into mine—and in a few minutes we had passed through the children who parted from us reluctantly—but with shouts of thankfulness—for tho' they were very familiar with him—all seemed to know when Ricardo spoke he was to be obeyed.

CHAPTER VI

*I smell the scent of the odorous sea—
It is calling, calling, calling for me.*

OUR faces turned towards the heart of the City, arm in arm we strode on, he had a quick, light step, a swinging motion that covered the ground quickly. He was well known—every passer by gave him greetings—evidently in Hillah his was a welcome face. Men and women nodded and smiled—and I could see that many a pretty maiden blushed, and looked doubly coy when they beheld him anear. Ricardo was the very essence of gentle politeness—his cap in hand, and bowing constantly his way was marked as if by a constant ovation. It did not take us long with such rapid strides to gain the circle—and near the fountain Ricardo drew me to a seat. He said:

“Here let us converse: I know you have a score of questions to ask me, your face betrays your surprise at—”

Then he stopped—for some voice had a minute before cried out “Ricardo!”—now it was tossed in the air by a hundred voices, swelling and growing until a thousand men and women were crying:

“Ricardo, Ricardo!”

Lo, I saw men and women pressing towards us—saw them coming from the Bank, from the stores,

flocking out from every street to where we sat. Hands everywhere reached out to him—voices crying: “Play for us, Ricardo, play for us!”

The cry rose and swelled—until it seemed every tongue rang with that request:

“Ricardo, play for us!”

He stood bowing to men and women, cool, collected, but with a face glowing with happiness and pleasure at such a reception—for surely such a gracious compliment when men from desk, and counter, and work bench leave business cares behind and meet with shouts of gladness a man of music. He drew from his inner vest the common slender reed—and then the cry: “On the pedestal, on the pedestal, that all may see and hear!”

In a minute brawny arms and hands lifted him up on the pedestal of a bronze group of animals which stood near the fountain—in a minute the fountain ceased to play some one had turned off the water valve. Then such a hush—hardly a stir in all that mighty gathering—all listening for the first sweet note, all eyes turned to the player who stood out bravely in sight of all. The reed lay to his lips—again I saw his eyes were closed as if his inner sight were reading from the heavenly note book held by angel’s hands.

Ah, the melody, ah, the rare, sweet melody, spell bound—how sweet—alas, how short, and yet full ten minutes he played on before he took the reed from his lips—the very air palpitated with applause—men and women crowding round the statue calling out their

praise and asking more—more melody. And there he stood smiling and bowing, happy in the thought that he was making others happy—giving them a pleasure without money and without price. Again the reed to lip—and again the intoxicating melody, the liquid melody that all hearts were drinking in. And melody followed melody—he seemed neither fatigued, nor tired, nay, the rather inspired by the occasion.

Suddenly at the close of one of the pieces, a loud bell vibrated—then it seemed as if more than a hundred chimes were set aringing—It was the hour for closing Banks, and stores, and factory, at this glad bell ringing the labor of every toiler in Hillah was finished for the day. Ricardo hearing, threw up his hand with a farewell gesture and slid the reed to the inside vest—but a mighty roar from the multitude: “Ricardo, one more, Ricardo, one more—Good Ricardo, prince of melody, one more tune!”

He hesitated, half way turned to leap from the pedestal—but the cries were so hearty, so full of entreaty, that out again the slender reed—again the reed to lips—and surely this the simplest, rarest, and most delightful of all.

It was finished, quick as a flash he leaped from the pedestal and stood by my side. Arm in arm once more—and he cried out cheerily.

“Room, good friends, room for Ricardo’s guest—make away, and hold us not!”

And just as the children had obeyed him, so the fathers and mothers of the children quick to do his

bidding—and to the street where he turned his face a pathway made; and so we went forth, a happy press of men and women on either side—all loud in praise, thanking him for his melody. He cap in hand bowing right and left, stepping on with a princely dignity—but affable to the finger tips—smiles wreathing his face. At last we had left the crowd behind—we were in a comparatively quiet street. Suddenly he stopped and sniffed the air—and cried out like a school boy, with intense delight:

“I smell the scent from the odorous sea
It is calling, calling, calling for me!”

Then suddenly clasping me tighter cried out:

“Do let us go to the sea—come we shall have a sail on the long wide sweeping waves—It will be delicious—pray thee, good friend, to come!” He looked so pleadingly in my face—as if I had the right of forbidding such. “Nothing would give me more pleasure—I love the sea.”

He pressed my hands with both of his as if to thank me—as if I had conferred a gracious boon to him.

“Thanks, friend guest, thanks, we shall have a glorious time—the moon lit waters will well repay you. Come, Prince old fellow, quick march!” He gaily cried to the old stately lion—and arm and arm we two—the three of us set out with quickened pace.

We soon reached the outside of the City—and from this side the ocean could be seen—It lay between two headlands—a wide stretch of beach; and the stately

masts of hundreds of vessels, riding in the open bay, and at the quays, and docks, met the view. The long walk did not seem to make me tired, the bracing atmosphere, the pure fresh air made walking a delight, a recreation. And as we neared the beach the sailor man and fisher folk knew him well. Along the street which led to the shore nearly every passer by smiled, and lifted hand to cap—giving Ricardo a captain's salute. I noticed how neat and clean was every house we passed—and again the utter absence of the low saloons and "grogeries"—with the poor lost women sirens wooing men to folly and destruction—not one of such a kind here!—I noticed with a glad and happy heart. Past the long wide Wharfs on which stood the warehouses in which stored the freight from the mighty vessels at the edge of the docks—What a rich spicy smell—a hundred scents from Orient and Occident—the smell of the pine, the sea, even the tar—all a very ambrosia to the nostril. All the docks were silent now, labor ended for the day. And on, until the wide sandy beach lay before us. The fisher folk were about to go homeward, but when a group saw Ricardo half a dozen voices at once shouted out—

"Do you want a boat, Ricardo!"

He nodded his head—and trooping they came.

"Choose whose you will, Ricardo—without money or without price, O King of Melody!"

He motioned to the nearest boat—in a minute a dozen hands had rushed it down the beach, it was in the water, a great brawny fellow had set the mast, a

sail spread, the tiller in place and ready for our acceptance. The act a superb compliment showing how this Ricardo was beloved by this rough fisher folk. We three were in the boat—but e'er we parted from the strand out came the reed—set to lips and indeed it was a wonderful melody with which Ricardo thanked his fisher folk.

Out on the bay—we passed such tall, large and gallant vessels, steamers, crafts of every kind—and hardly a vessel but as we passed near had some one to cry out:—

“Prince Ricardo, peace to thee and thine!”

CHAPTER VII

HOW RICARDO TOLD THE STORY OF THE KING

*And so The King bestows the gift
That human praise to Him shall lift.*

SUCH an evening—it was the evening of my life—in that boat on the sea, with a celebrated musician, and a lion, for companions. The perfect closing of a perfect day. The sea was calm—not a white tipped wave on the open world of waters to which our prow was turned—nothing except the swell that ever and anon lifted us slightly higher, then the deeper depression—the sun sinking in the west painted the clouds and atmosphere with glorious tints and colors—colors and tints constantly changing in beauty and delight. The sun was seemingly sinking in the western sea, afar off, and its rays shot across the tide, lightening up the waters until there seemed to be a passage way o’er which we were to sail until we floated into the heart of the sun. A pathway of gold—even in some motions of the waves on which the sky colors flashed as if a wide spread carpet of crimson gold.

We sailed on and on—our eyes fixed on the sun—the gateway of a castle of gold—the entrance way to the Paradise of God. And, lo, the clouds ever chang-

ing—now formed as an innumerable company of angels—showed forms of crimson horsemen and golden chariots—all speeding towards the gateway of Life and Immortality—the passage way that guided the weary feet to the eternal Kingdom—the Kingdom of Rest from fretting and care—but the Kingdom where angels and mortals never grew tired of serving in the Blessed ministry of Love. Behind us a fair scene—the far away hills that yet reflected the glory of the sun—hills clad with brave trees—and emerald green with grassy pasture. Further down—the City—the many, many structures embowered in trees—the long line of beach—the harbor full of ships—sails furled—that seemed as if painted on canvas—the two promontories—on whose sharp craggy points, ever and anon, could be seen flags of white as if waved to and fro—the swell of sea bursting on the rocks throwing up incense of feathery spray.

We two sat side by side in the stern—and at the prow was Prince, the Lion, his great head high over the boat looking like an image cast in bronze, his face sternly fixed as if on some object far ahead in our pathway.

And so the sun sank from sight in the ocean's bed—but the light still marvelously fair, for to the left the large full moon stood in a sweep of sky on which not a cloud, even as large as the hand of a man. And to the west the clouds that seemed to have hovered over the sun faded from the sight—so that from sweep to sweep of the horizon it was a fleckless sky that met the eye.

Were we in the current of the sea that swept us outward, or were we in the soft gentle trade wind which bellowed the little sail and wafted us—as for me I knew not where, aye, and in sooth, I did not care where we drifted. Out on the ocean, the hills—the land had shaded down to a line fast getting imperceptible on the horizon. So o’er the moonlit, softly undulating swell of the sea we went a perfectly happy company—no more peaceable one ever adrift on that silver lit expanse.

I chanced to turn mine eyes eastward—the sight that met my gaze filled me with speechless astonishment and awe! Was it a mirage? if so how wondrously beautiful! Aurora Borealis! nay, a thousand times nay, such but a paltry thing to this amazing wonder! A thousand Rainbows! nay, such could not have made such a splendor. It seemed to me as if double pyramids flamed and hung in the sky. Two pyramids base to base, with the lower one turned upside down. The top of the lower pyramid seemed as if standing out of the sea. The lower pyramid looked as if composed of enormous slabs of stone, twelve different layers, each layer of a different color, of equal height but varying in length. The lower stone, or slab, or layer, to be sure the smallest; the next layer of stone overlapping that below; there was no visible joining tho’ the length seemed as if hundreds of miles, and so on, the next stone overlapping that, each higher one overlapping the lower, until the last overlapped the lower stone below. On the twelfth stone seemed to

rest a very high wall—a jasper colored wall pierced at stated intervals by three most extraordinary gateways. Rising from within the wall, resting on the largest stone of the reversed pyramid—another pyramid shot up to an apex—A golden colored Crystal—a jasper stone almost dazzling to behold. It was a thousand miles away I judged, if not more, but the light that streamed from that glory made impossible an utterly dark night wherever the clear white rays fell, even if moon and stars never more swam to gaze. I gazed, and gazed, afraid each moment The Glory would vanish, would fade, for was it not a hallucination, a building of golden mist and vapor. But ah, a deception of the brain that the eye could feast upon forever, for the flashing beauty of the many colored stones made such a blending of colors that no human tongue could describe. But I gazed, and the wonder faded not; and still feeding heart and soul with mine eyes, I found my tongue, grasping Ricardo's arm, I cried:

“Look! Look! can God make such a Wonder!”

Ricardo turned—a smile lit up his face, I could see the light from that far off glory dancing as it were on his features—he doffed his cap, and bowing, reverently said:

“IT IS THE PALACE HOME OF **The Great King!**”

I felt Ricardo's hand upon me, instinctively I knew of his desire, we knelt together side by side with bowed head in adoration—He slowly said:

“Blessing, and Glory, and Honor, be unto **Him** who sitteth on the Throne and unto **The Lamb** forever and ever. Amen!”

And this AMEN supplemented by a sudden rumble as if a clap of thunder had suddenly pealed from the head of the boat—Ricardo stirred not—with head still bent—I looked swiftly to the brow of the boat—It was the Lion's voice that had joined in the praise—the beast had made his impressive voice accord with our, AMEN. That roar resounded far over the waters—the sea the Air vibrated—and an echo came back repeating the Amen—from whence I knew not. And in the boat, on the open sea, that beautiful night I learned something of the Renovated Earth. For Ricardo had said:

“And now, friend mine, tell me of all that is thine heart to know, and as best in me lies, to answer shall be my glad desire.”

“Then first as to the government of the City left behind?”

“I shall be brief. Tho' the world is now ruled by **An Autocrat**—with Princes of Provinces, and Cities under **Him**—yet the management of the country left in a great measure in the hands of the People. For instance, yon City is divided into twelve districts, each district hath a representative elected by a popular vote. But remember no parties—bitterly opposed to each other and belittling each other by word, and pen, and act. The people of the district may be divided as to their choice of a man but the ballot decides that. These twelve men are the fathers of the City—making laws, with power to levy taxes, build needed houses, roadways—all public improvements. They are elected for

seven years. On their first gathering they selected a man—ofttimes one of their own number, ofttimes some outside man of broad judgment, spoken well of, and well thought of—above reproach in word and deed. He is elected the Governor of the City. He is responsible for the carrying out faithfully the wishes of the twelve Delegates—He, the overseer, brings to their notice any new works that he deems demanded by the Public. The salary is not large, nothing to make a man covet it for aught else than the honor. As to bribery or wrong doing, such is impossible, and quickly punished. For over every City **The King** has appointed a Risen Saint, as a Prince. He is the advisor, and watcher over of every interest of public weal. He never interferes with the wills and wishes of the people, delegates, or governor, unless such transgress **The Written Law**. Should a point of law, or of order, or of right of property, be brought before the Governor—he should judge according to the Written Law proscribed by **The King**—but if his interpretation disputed by either of the contestants then the matter brought before The Prince for ruling. Hardly ever a case tried before him but both contestants see and acknowledge the justice of his ruling—for his judgment is ever a righteous one. But should a matter arise wherein one contestant was not satisfied—he had ever the right to appeal the case—to the very court and judgment seat of **The King Himself**—that the finality. Political corruption impossible, for if a bribe offered or taken, on that minute the guilty

parties immediately summoned before The Resident Prince. And no lawyers here to defend, nor brow beat, lawyers were useless—for the Risen Saint had power to read the secret thoughts of any wrong doer—and the wrong could not be hid. Judgment was passed immediately—and disgrace overshadowed the guilty ones until their future course showed they had thoroughly repented—and then immediately pardon and forgiveness given. One was afraid to steal, or lie, for that wrong which was done in the most secret chamber either in night's darkness, or in sun glitter and glare, was instantly known by the Risen Saint no matter where he was."

"Then can the Resident Prince, this Risen Saint, read all man's minds as an open book?" I asked.

"Nay, friend, nay, there is the graciousness of **The King**—tho' the Risen Saint possessed of an awful insight into human affairs, and tho' capable of performing miracles, IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIM TO READ THE MIND OF ANY ONE—MAN, WOMAN, OR CHILD, UNLESS THAT PERSON HAS COMMITTED A WRONG! The human soul is not violated in any manner—each soul can only be read by **The King**—a man's mind and soul is his own secret place—a threshold over which none may pass. But if a wrong committed against another then the guilty soul cannot hide its guilt from the sight of the Resident Prince."

"But suppose a man goes on persistently in his wickedness how long will such be tolerated? Have you now no jails, no penitentiary to keep the transgressor?"

"Nay, no jails, no penitentiary, o'er all the broad earth. Crime of any kind is of very rare exception. I have not heard of a murder in a hundred years—and then the murderer was immediately slain. With the binding of Satan for the thousand years the earth is comparatively free from crime, and if crime committed it is immediately uncovered, and the penalty must immediately be settled. What then a need of police force, nor detective, nor prison—Every one is aware that the Residence Prince knows immediately of the crime. And indeed **The King** must inform the Prince of crime meditated on—for I know where men have been sent for and privately closeted with the Prince, and have confessed afterwards, that they had been warned not to harbor certain thoughts nor wrong doing otherwise punishment would follow. So sin is checked in its most incipient stage. And in answer to your question how long a person could go on sinning—just one hundred years—when the Sinner reached that age, and no reformation, then sure and certain Death!"

"How, by what means—who the Executioner—"

"**The King, Himself** the Judge and Executioner. The persistent sinner who would continue in his evil ways would be finally taken to the court—and oft fire from Heaven blotted him from the eyes of men. None allowed the prerogative of passing the Death sentence except **The King.**"

"I have noticed the entire absence of saloons—are there none?"

"Nay, not one, thanks to **The King Eternal**—Saloons that fostered crimes and sent forth drunkards, and murderers, and thieves—men with unholy passions—now not in existence—therefore no need of police force, Judges, prisons, and the like—black shadows never cast on human hearts again."

"Then are all kinds of Drink utterly forbidden—"

"Yes; all vile concoctions of drink—but pure wine, pure cider, and score of other healthy natural beverages allowable—but drinking of wine not carried to excess—the use, and not abuse, the order of the day under the blessed guidance of **The King and His Princes**."

"What of your very rich men—your millionaires?"

"We have no specially rich men—in the Land of **The King** are some wealthy men—but none I think millionaires. In fact Greed, the mother of Millionaires—is a sin quickly punished by **The King**. A greedy man will not be admitted to the Court of **The King** under any circumstances—and if a man persistently remains away from the Court (for every male on Earth must go to the Court at stated intervals) then he passes sentence on himself, and will be brought to the court to receive judgment of **The King**. A Greedy and a covetous man, or woman, is abhorred by **The King**—and persistent wickedness will not be tolerated long in **His Kingdom**. You will therefore readily see that very rich men are very scarce—every man is assured of a living by **The King**—for the universal proclamation and promise is "HE SHALL SATIS-

fy the desire of every living thing." With this promise—care is banished—for none have a dread of the to-morrow wanting bread. We have no poor houses, no beggars, no poverty—some are poorer than others, but none are absolutely in want—and unless persistently an idle, lazy person—none may ever want a meal. Now as every person guaranteed a house to sleep in, clothes to wear, and bread to eat—why should there be a devilish race for wealth—and the heaping up of riches shows extortion and that not allowed in the realms of **The King.**"

"How then is a successful man of business living two hundred years to keep from accumulating an immense fortune—the very increase if a little will swell the amount as the years go by."

"Not so, for if he is a man he will look on those around him as his brothers. The Kingly Law is the highest of all laws. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." At the first start, no large profit allowed. No princely salaries. The incomes clearly specified. And all things held in trust for **The King.** You must know speculation of any kind not allowed in the Kingdom. No buying cheap and selling dear. And in fact as the earth always gives her increase, no dearths, no famines, no shortage, no overplus, there is no room for speculation. A certain uniformity of price, a certain margin of profit, no more, no less; no gathering up raw materials to make a scant market in certain localities. The Farmer knows what his wheat costs, his price fixed, no more, no less;

for the quantities that Earth shall produce yearly determined by **The King**. His princes appointed for that high purpose tell the Earth how much wheat, and corn, and meat, and wine, and fruit, necessary to provide for the wants of the children of men—and that quantity given and no more. One can enter any store today and can look at the cost price of an article, and see by the tag how much must be paid for that article. The cost of the raw material, cost of manufacturing, the profit that each person who handled the article had obtained, all plainly set forth. No quibble as to buying cheap—for no glut of any one thing allowed. Therefore speculation eliminated—actual cost and profits must be paid. A money panic therefore utterly impossible. Keen competition unknown. The cost of various articles varied—there is no dead level. Perfection is the point to be obtained. Some articles inexpensive—the workmanship entering largely into the cost price—delicate handiwork—a mechanic's genius and carefulness, made some articles, no more serviceable than the cheaper grades, expensive. Perfection of handicraft had to be paid for. And an educated society freed from the horror of want, privation and hunger always grows fastidious in its tastes—demands the highest grade and pays for it without a word.

And as to factory and stores—in those you visited you saw no boys, no young men under age. Such is not permitted. The schools are compulsory, boys until they become of age must attend schools, colleges

and universities. Schools, colleges and universities absolutely free to all. No tuition fees, no privileges allowed to richer men's sons—all on the path of learning on an absolute equality. Buildings built by the community; if the community too poor then built by the state. The teachers and professors paid from public funds. The system of education flawless, for it came from the loving brain of **The King** who loveth the children as the apple of His eye.

Then all labor on farm, mine, railroad, factory, shop and store—only given by men who have grown to manhood's estate. And the labor problem not left to the ingenuity of men's limited brains and knowledge—but solved again by **The Great King**. Certain labor received certain remuneration no more, no less. The price of labor fixed so that the person who enters that position knows absolutely what he is to receive. The master knows what he has to pay. Individuality of tastes strictly adhered to—no iron rule to say what a man shall or must labor at. To a young man the world is before him—he need not tread in his father's shoes—but he starts out in life with this impressed on his mind—**THE DIGNITY OF ALL KINDS AND VARIATIONS OF LABOR**. The man who toils in the earth, building canals, bridges, railways—the meanest labor of such, just as honorable, and the money reward in the abstract no lower than the store clerk, the office clerk, or the higher official. Some more capable than others, the power and excess of brain still the absolute gift of **The King**. Humanity no dead level. There are

still exceeding bright men, bright men, fair average men, common placed men, and even dull men—from the higher mental capacity more demanded, from natural gifts a higher level of work demanded—and no gifts allowed to be used for a selfish end or gain. Humanity in all its ambitions and cravings not curtailed—nay, **The King** stimulates such—and His approbation—'tis "WELL DONE,"—the prize sought for—and not the proud selfish gratified vanity and money accumulations. Science only in its infancy—it lies avast undiscovered country—and **The King** does not put its secrets as a gift in the hands of any man, as if he were a child, without the patient labor. **The King** wants humanity to press out, upward, onward, to grasp as its own the secrets of Land, and Sea, and Sky. **He** does not open the storehouse of **His** secret workings and show men as if they were children the how, and the why, and the use of **His** mysteries. Nay, **He** loves intently to see men's brains, and fancy, and wills, and minds, and hands, at work to bring the hidden Glorys, that **He** has purposely secreted, to view. **He** stands enjoying **His** men striving after the victory—He treats them as equals not as children in whose lap **He** carelessly flings ingenious puzzle toys. Individuality stands out prominently—and with this assurance—no man barred by adverse circumstances from the displaying of his natural gifts and determined workmanship. The hours of toil not long. It does not require long weary hours of disagreeable toil to make a good living. Never more than eight

hours public toil allowed. The other sixteen hours of the day absolutely in the toiler's own hands to follow the bent of his inclinations—be they what they may. And night work strictly forbidden except the absolutely necessary. No business Railroad trains, nor switching, nor telegraphing. Pleasure trains may be run, but no compulsory labor—the work performed for love only—no payment.”

“But will not this stopping of Railway trains, night telegrams, and such, be a great hindrance to business? What if a rush order came!” Ricardo laughed softly:

“Rush Orders—Why such? the world at present has none such. The first great virtue **The King** impressed on men's minds was—Patience!—and it was one of the hardest lessons for humanity to learn.

Why a breakneck brain destroying haste—What the gain? More wealth?—having meat and clothes in plenty what need of such—let us learn contentment. Why night telegrams—saving? What need of saving? To rush and expedite matters of business? What need that business should be rushed—the gain!—but covetousness a curse—a state of mind **The King** abhorred. No calamity befell, nor would befall, if a railway train stopped at a certain station, at a certain hour—who lost by it—its contents were not absolutely necessary to the well being of any living person. The rush, the speed, the roar, the impatient haste all sprang from the desire of gain—and if one piled up mountains of gain he was neither respected, honored, feared, nor reverence given him—but the most certain con-

tempt of **The King**. Nay, eight hours and in this portion of public labor idleness was not tolerated. "Diligent in Business!" a motto that **The King** wished for all to profit by. No idler, no loafer, for if a man in health "did not labor neither should he eat!" "Whatsoever thine hand findeth to do, that do with all thy strength!" not that now the grave would soon end all—but it was the mandate of **The King**—to have labor honorable and all men engaged in it. No drone bees—no person allowed to sit in idleness and have others toil for him. No usury allowed. No money put out at interest. The money was in the hands of the state—money loaned for all legitimate objects, but no interest—but each borrower had to shape his ways to pay back dollar for dollar at a stated period. No money loaned to men who wanted to take selfish advantage of their neighbors. The borrower had to stand before The Resident Prince and state his wishes and plans. If for a sinister purpose The Prince had the gift of reading the borrower's mind. And no pledges taken, no mortgages given—a man's word enough. You will at once see that such a method detrimental to money lending, usury—or living on other men's gains. All are workers—I am, you will notice, a butterfly—but butterflies have some use. People love to hear me play—it is a gift and I do my best to use it for the Glory of **The King**. You will find here no theatres, nor playhouses as of old for tragedy and comedy. But we have some very large music halls where scarcely a night but some artists of song, or musical genius, de-

light their audience. Such players and singers receive a salary from the public treasury—they are not allowed to charge an admission fee—every house free seats, and no reserved—first come first seated—no distinction between rich and poor. Then we have very gifted Orators, and Speakers who delight the audiences with their powers. But all such gifted persons hold their precious endowments at the service of **The King**, to give pleasure to humanity without distinction of class or person—their gifts not used for their own selfishness, nor for greed of gain.”

“Are you not troubled with sickness and disease? In going through the City I saw no flaming boardbills of men who propose to cure all manner of disease—the specialists, many of whom are frauds—and yet I did not see a single sign swinging to the breeze nor painted on window of what may be termed the legitimate Physician, Doctor, nor Surgeon—How is this?” Ricardo laughed pleasantly and answered:

“The inhabitants shall not say I am sick”—do you remember the old promise? well, now fulfilled—to the letter in some parts of the earth, more especially in the Country where the City of **The Great King** stands. From sin and the effect of sin spring all manner of diseases. Sin being curbed, controlled, and punished promptly—the human race is now very rarely troubled with disease unless men wilfully disobey the laws of **The King**. Sin bred crime—crime begat want—of proper clothing, of healthy food, of sanitary homes. Sin begat recklessness as to future consequences—

hereditary a thing to be laughed at, ignored, and sin suppressed, sin banished—made healthy men, sound women. Idleness was soon regarded as a curse to be avoided. With work came the blessings of life—good bread, and meat, clothing suitable to the season—a home well ventilated, with the latest sanitary devices in vogue. With such blessings for little labor the blood became rich—the warm healthy blood drove disease from every lurking place. The services of Physicians and Doctors no longer required. If one is taken ill—The Resident Prince is immediately called—his touch, his blessing, his prayers cure immediately.”

“And your grave yards where are they—for men must die?”

Again Ricardo laughed:

“I never saw one! We have no so called “God’s acres” here—the new World is too young yet—we may have later—but in yon City I never heard the death bells toll yet—for man, woman or child. “The leaves of the Tree of Life in the midst of the Paradise of God” never failed yet—and indeed both the leaves and fruit of The Trees which grow along the stream which watereth the City of **The Great King**—are free to all—no hand debars of fruit, and they who taste are cured of every ailment. Perchance some day we will go there together and I will lead you to the most beautiful earthly paradise man in the flesh, tied to earth, has ever seen.”

My heart thrilled at the thought—but curiosity was still rampant in my mind.

“And now as to the Woman question—I saw none in the factories, stores, offices where of old time they swarmed as locusts, eating up the means of livelihood from men—and proving a very curse to humanity—restricting marriage—making themselves bold; rampant, and in a vast majority of cases losing woman’s innate modesty—bringing on themselves celibacy and all its attendant misery. How oft of old have I heard women praised for lifting up womanhood, to fight their own battles of life—make woman independent—women equal to man—Women leaders that were a very curse to Womanhood, and unwittingly serving the Prince of Evil. My soul loathed such women Leaders for the liberty they preached—put Motherhood in the back ground—and blighted both men and women.”

Ricardo nodded his head while I was speaking, showing well he had no sympathy for such Woman Leaders—the Woman who would dare to make a new Bible.

“The woman question was settled easily by **The King**. No woman permitted to work or toil in sweatshops—for we have none such holes of misery; neither are women allowed in mines, factories, stores, offices. Home is Woman’s kingdom—every woman when she becomes of age can find a suitable husband—no man honest and willing to work need ever trouble himself as to the bread and butter question—and to use an old Irish expression: ‘God never sent a mouth into the world that he did not make a potato grow to fill the mouth.’ Men now have not to compete with the

cheaper services of woman—that is entirely eliminated from the social life. And no girl, nor woman, need go out of her father's house to earn her own pittance. Busy men—men properly paid settles the Woman question effectively.”

“On looking over yon City—viewing the houses and public buildings one thing I felt was absent, I found the landscape as if it were wanting in some familiar particular—and yet I could not say what was lacking—but now I have it! I have seen no Cathedral spires, no churches with towers and spires—why are they so particularly absent? What of the various sects that were ever envious of each other?”

“All sectarianism has passed away. The Pope, the Patriarchate, the Cardinals, Primates, Arch Bishops, Bishops, Priests, Ministers and Pastors—obsolete terms of which the mass of people now alive have little conception, to their ears a jargon of afar off time. No stately temples now erected for so called prayers and worship. We have massive buildings—which we call “Praise Halls” where men worship—but they are of plain exterior, and plain interior. For remember that an almost perfect knowledge of **The King** now exists—and the complexion of religious worship entirely changed. At **The King's** Capital there is an exceedingly large “House of Prayer for all nations,” and a splendid ritual, not debasing like the mummeries of the olden Greek, Roman and Episcopalian churches—but scattered in every City, town, village, and hamlet, are simple structures where “prayer and praise

are wont to be made." We have no ministers, monks, nuns and such—all such have passed away. Indeed the proclamation of "The everlasting Gospel" somewhat changed. Christians nowadays have SIGHT to aid their FAITH. Every human born on Earth can, if they will, go to The King's Court and see **The Redeemer**, see the prints of the thorns on **His** Brow, the nail prints in hands and sandled feet. Faith is not wanted to believe in **Him** as a Person having all power, for the revelation of **His** power everywhere—the Risen Saints, the millions of Risen Saints testifying to **His** Resurrection Power. **He** is a living Reality—**His** Power, Majesty, Glory unquestionable. Therefore the mind of men no longer taxed in believing on an unseen Divine Power—faith is no longer wanted to take the place of sight. The Redemption through **His** blood just as much of a fact and a reality as ever—and only through **Him** salvation possible—but faith no longer of surpassing virtue—testimony to **Him** and for **Him** no longer bears the importance of early ages. To be otherwise than a nominal christian now an impossibility. Therefore the fight of faith over—we have seen therefore we believe. Our remission of sins through **His** blood and Life just as important as ever—and only obtainable through simple faith in **Him**. And now instruction in the Word of **God** commences at a very early age, no longer men say to another "Know **The Lord**" for they all know of **Him** from the least to the greatest."

The service we now render **The King** almost en-

tirely of praise. Our human wants are supplied, **He** HAS "OPENED **His** HAND AND SATISFIED THE DESIRE OF EVERY LIVING THING"—therefore the old prayers grow obsolete—the old manner of sermons useless—and songs of praise in the largest measure fill the hours set apart for worship. Grace has been poured out on the children of men—Satan bound, Grace triumphant, and sin hedged in—nor dare it display itself openly to the sight as in former ages. But the human heart still has the virus of sin in it; and just now, and will forever, as long as the open sore remains, want Blood and Merits of **The King** to cleanse and purify.

But I see nature is asserting itself—your eyes are growing heavy—see, Prince has already taken to slumber, nature is sleeping—then lie you down and take an hour or two of sleep. The boat needs no watching—no accident now happens on sea, no storms to destroy property and lives—therefore, take your ease, knowing that you are cradled in the everlasting arms of **The King** who neither slumbers nor sleeps."

And as I was bidden I layed down in the boat—and slept.

CHAPTER VIII

*The Like of one—that we shall be,
Where Risen Saints—all fair to see—
Pure, Perfect through Eternity.*

NOTWITHSTANDING that my bed was only a plank I had a good rest. And now an incident came—was it indeed a real scene or only a dream? Was I awakened from my slumbers by the low hum of two voices—or was it all a fantasy? I had remained still when I awoke, had not moved from my position, but I distinctly saw in the forward part of the boat—two persons—two men—One Ricardo, who was listening to the Stranger. The new arrival whence came he? had we met a boat or vessel while I slept—had my sleep been so sound that I did not hear the noise that would of a necessity have occurred had a ship been approached or a boat floated near? I could see we were on the open sea—no sign of land—and the early dawn was creeping over the shadows of the East. That the visitor was no stranger could readily be seen by the manner of Prince. The lion was half crouched—and the stranger's right hand was in the yellow locks of the animal. The stranger's left hand was trailing in the water that ran past the boat—evidently the stranger loved water. As the man was sitting down I could not tell exact height, but he had

the limbs and body that proclaimed a pleasing figure. He was dressed in white, white linen of exceeding fine texture. The sleeves loose, the garment evidently flowing down to his feet—one foot uncovered showed it had on a golden colored sandal. The garment gathered at the waist by a sash. The man's face very fair to look upon—a young man of not more than thirty-five summers. His hair rather long, of yellowish color, fell around his shoulders. His head uncovered except a coronet—and how the large gems flashed and glowed—the band of the coronet studded all over, strewn thick with pearls. And at the front one of the largest gems I had ever beheld. The gem fairly blazed as if the center a living life of light. He must have been quickly apprised of my awakening—for with one quick glance towards me, he arose, patted the lion's head, and said in a voice clear toned as the sound struck from crystal—

“Well, fare thee well, Ricardo—I must go—I shall meet you at the court—when?”

“Very soon—I am almost impatient to hear of the new melodies which you say King David has arranged—good bye until then!”

They clasped hands—then the stranger stood on the side of the boat—whether to go—no boat near—land the merest line upon the horizon—to swim—did mine eyes deceive me—it was all a dream then—I was now dreaming. The stranger stepped out—on air! In a minute he was ascending, the garments fluttered a little as he caught the upper current of air—he looked

back—waved his hand—and was it from him that the silvery, friendly laugh floated down—as bidding Ricardo a farewell? He vanished. Faded from my sight. Astonishment held me fast. Was I awake or asleep now? I heard Ricardo hum a little tune as he opened a package—a package I had not seen in that boat before. Yes, and Prince was watching the unfolding of the Package as if to him it were most intensely interesting. I heard the gentle lapping of the waters against the side of the boat, I heard the cry of a sea bird—a curlew—The sun had just peeped up, the merest outline of its disk above the waters—which in still calm was reflecting the red flushed clouds above the head of The King of the morning.

I arose—a merry voice fell on my ears: “Good morning,—The Grace and Peace of **The King** be yours!”

I looked, and, lo, spread upon a board—a most delicious repast. Yes, fresh bread and no mistake—a flagon of white wine—bunches of grapes and quite a quantity of ripe fruit—fruit which made the lips water to behold.

Had the stranger brought them—no doubt, who else? Ricardo noted my puzzled looks—and laughing, pointing to the tempting repast, said:

“See, a present from **The King’s** table—while you slept one of the Risen Saints was here—brought this for our needs—sit you down—see, how eager Prince is to commence!”

And the great beast sitting on his haunches had drawn near to be one of the company at this breakfast, furnished by Heaven without the shadow of a doubt. As we eat, Prince receiving his share of the bread and fruits which he enjoyed heartily—Ricardo said:

“Yes, one of my most beloved friends was here while you slept. Spent several hours with me—for he is a most delightful talker. And then he is a musician of rare gifts—he had told me of some new melodies composed in the Upper Courts—that would soon be sang in the City of **The Great King**—and today I set out—will you come with me?”

I clasped his hand—the look in mine eyes made him smile—and exclaim, with a pleasurable laugh, “Prince and I will be delighted—wont we, Prince?” And the great lion gave a roar—that sounded out—dying in echoes along the far off ripples—then he nodded his head with a majestic stately movement.

During the night Ricardo had shifted the helm and now we were rapidly moving towards the land we had left the eve before. We were soon in the wide bay—all alive with the noise and voices from the great ships—some outward bound. As we neared the beach—we saw the fisherman who had given the boat sitting on the shingle. He greeted us with a wholesome welcome—We ground on the sand and his hand held the prow as we jumped ashore. “And what payment?” cried Ricardo, his hand in a little wallet. “What, Prince, would you cast discredit on my gift—it was a

free loving offering,"—said the sailor, with a tremble in his voice, half vexatious mortification that Ricardo should hint of payment.

"But thou hast lost the morning's fishing, James—and surely it is but right to see thee paid for thy share."

"Nay, Prince—I lose nothing—the other folk have promised me an equal part—for giving thee the pleasure of my boat!"

Ricardo laughed happily—such service was very sweet to him. "Then I dare not pay thee!"

"If the Prince would—"

The fisherman stopped short—confused—the request died on his lips—but Ricardo understood. In an instant out came the little reed—put to lips and a rare melody. As the sound swelled out—I could see men scattered here and there along the beach dropping the work in hand and stealing softly near—they all knew who was playing.

Of a sudden three shrill whistles in rapid succession swelled along the water and pierced the ear.

Ricardo started, looked towards the quay whence came the whistle—a steamer leaving the mooring place—brow turned towards the open sea—a large vessel outward bound—but Ricardo played on until the melody finished.

The fisherman was keen to see the eyes of Ricardo turned to the boat—now coming down the bay—he guessed why Ricardo had started.

In a second he was in the boat putting up the mast, spreading the sail—exclaiming:—

"Quick, Prince, we shall catch her yet—a shame on me should you lose passage in the "BONNIE BESS" by amusing me with thy Heaven given gift!"

Ricardo divined the sailor's wishes, with a merry goodbye to the listeners who had come anear, he pulled me into the boat—with a bound Prince was there—and in a few minutes the prow of boat turned to intercept the sea monster—for she was a very large vessel, standing high out of the water—a truly goodly sight to behold. And then a shout from the Land—caps and hats waving signalling to the great steamer—and an outside vessel's sailors caught up the cry—it seemed to leap from ship to ship—until an answering cry came from the stately outbound ship—the cry a single name:

"Ricardo!"

It was a magical name—no sooner had it reached the steamer and the sailors thereon knew of its import—than the vessel's speed slackened—and in a few minutes stood almost motionless on the sun lit sea. A door in the vessel's side close to the water opened—and soon Ricardo, Prince, and myself, stood on the deck of the steamer—a happy Captain giving a royal welcome to Ricardo!

CHAPTER IX

*Where ever I roam my heart is sea-homing—
I love it in calm, in crown crested white foaming,
At sunrise, at noon, and its magic at gloaming.*

THE “Bonnie Bess” had quite a number of passengers on board—men, women and children—most of them on their way to The City of **The Great King**. One and all knew of Ricardo by sight or by reputation. It was handshaking all round—and every one on board more happy than ever by the knowledge of the presence of the famous Player. It was indeed a happy, merry company that wandered over the white decks of the ship—in fact the passengers were free to go wherever they desired. It was a holiday—the first day of many days of gladness and joy for nearly all the passengers. Some would stop at Gibraltar, but most of them were for the City of **The Great King**. The older ones had been there before and therefore more staid in their expressions of expected pleasures, but with some, more especially of the maidens and youths, this being their first trip to see the Glory of all Nations, their conversation was full of what they most desired to see. And then the younger members had their favorites—King David who slew Goliath of Gath; Jonah who had been in the great fish’s belly, and Daniel of the Lion’s den, seemed

to be the favorites with the Boys. The Girls gave a preference to Ruth, Queen of Sheba, and Esther the Queen. It was most delightful to hear the remarks, and see the earnestness of the discussion—as to the superior merits of the different favorites. As for me, the passage out to the open sea presented pictures of beauty I cannot forget. I had seen it at sunset before from a small boat—now I beheld the land, the sea, the sky, all bathed in sunshine—all with the glamour and the beautiful breath of the morning on them. I went from side to side of the vessel as an enraptured child—I stood on the bridge by the officer, I stood at the wheel of the Steersman—he standing there with none of the labor of the steersman in days of yore—a lever passed backward and forward now and then, which a little child could have done, held the great steamer steady to her course. The fading land was indeed a very fair sight to see—dwindling to more miniature proportions—prominent trees and buildings, and dales growing more indefinite, gradually losing outline in the hazy light—hills toppling down as it were—the rocky coves and inlets running closer together—the landscape growing thinner and thinner in its outline—until it lay at last a long thin line on the horizon—and then vanished—the sea below, the sky cover falling down—all that met the eye. And now with our head turned towards the East—the most mysterious East beckoning one and all with her magical, not to be resisted, finger to the Glory, Beauty and Magnificence of a place—the very thought of which made every bosom

thrill. Ricardo played for the children—the old folks just as pleased to hear—and Ricardo seemed never tired of pleasing them. Prince was indeed in a merry humor—the children made him forget his proud dignity—and he was more frolicsome than any cub that ever played on earth.

The meals were wholesome, fruits abundant—the sleep most refreshing—for the idea of a storm never seemed to cross their minds for an instant.

Days slipped past days—and we had not seen land for several days. We were making good speed—the trade winds (which now seemed to be everywhere) bellowed out our few sails continually. The Electric Machinery made no disturbing noises, the smoke so little of volume troubled none. We were constantly meeting vessels of all sizes—going North and South and East. Constant greetings between the Commanders—and twice we slowed up to make exchange and barter with vessels coming up from the world which lay in the full south. Plenty of excitement—time did not hang heavy on the hands. Gay romping of Youths and Maidens, make believe picnics on prow, on waste, and deck of the ship. And the voice of song seldom silent. And oft in the brilliant moonlight—a merry dance, all tripping lightly to the gay festive melody of Ricardo.

The sailors were a fine body of men—all dressed in bright colors, healthy in limb, and looks, gentle, kind to the passengers, never vexed or out of humor with the romps of the young ones. Keen, alert at eve-

ry beck and nod of their officers—perfect subordination—no curses, black looks, nor hard sayings. Their labor no longer laborious, as “steady” weather the order of the day. No fear of a storm—a squall may come but not of a nature either to frighten nor worry. For storms on the Ocean of a disastrous character unknown—a hundred years had not seen a storm of such wild character as either to endanger ship or drown a sailor. The terror of the tempest had fled from the Ocean—**The King’s** voice saying “PEACE BE STILL!” uttered on **His** return to Earth, was still remembered by the waves of the sea—and now they neither rolled, tossed, battled, lashed, nor roared to do a wrong to man, nor his works. To be sure there must be care and attention to wind and wave—a reckless carelessness courted disaster now as ever. Ships had gone on the rocks for want of care and knowledge, ships had been allowed to come too close, had crossed each other’s paths—collisions followed, and ships had foundered—but no lives lost. Nature still had many moods unchangeable that man must observe, be warned of, or suffer the consequence. A blind faith in **The King** may do well for fools and children—but man had now, as ever, to be an active agent to make, guard and keep his own safety. Man a responsible agent—who had nature and natural forces to battle with now—as of yore—with this difference—that men were mentally, physically and morally better to cope with nature than before. For now nature was not repulsive—it answered to man’s authority in a thousand

ways as never before. There was plenty of work to keep the sailors busy—but plenty of men to perform the work—with the usual leisure for all at stated intervals. No going to sea nowadays “short of hands” with ragged, dirty, drunken sailors—brow-beaten, cuffed, kicked, cursed and beaten by brutal officers. No “weavels” in the biscuits, no hard tack, no grog, no sour, rotten meat; no quarter smelling foul with dirt, and filth, and rags abominable—no huddling together like cattle—all such past away. Rich wholesome meat and drink, clean, separate, airy rooms—Gentlemenly sailors with Gentlemen for Officers.

One morning I was awakened by a sudden shout—a sudden cry—and then a babble of cries—men and women’s voices inquiring of the sudden outcry—Had some mishap come? A trumpet was sounding loud and clear for all on Deck. I hurriedly dressed. Ran up the stairway to the lower deck—Saw the side of the vessel crowded with men, women, boys and girls—all pointing at something—all talking—were any listening?—but never a sign of terror on any face. The bridge was crowded with women gesticulating, laughing, talking, full of pleasurable excitement. And there stood Prince, head over the bulwark, lashing his tail—his loud roar adding to the noise as it rang out over the waste of water. Hundreds of voices at once cried out!

“Look! Look! Look! Look there, what a monster! Oh! is not that splendid?—Wonderful! most Wonderful! Can’t we get closer, Captain!”

And when I stood at the vessel's side—a grand panorama surely spread before me. The morning sun had just bounded above the rim of waters on the horizon—the sea sparkled and flashed as a great mirror—and I saw as it were a thousand rainbows—leaping up here, dying down there, a scene of bewildering shifting of motion and color. A mile or more away on the bosom of the waters—hundreds of monsters were gamboling, great monsters leaping clear out of the water, lashing the otherwise still waves unto white cascades of surf—spouting vast volumes of water hundreds of feet in the air—making rainbows of most beautiful colors. And we felt the motion of the great ship change from her course, and towards the gamboling monsters straight we sailed—near and nearer—we could hear the loud splashings as upwards they leaped and downward fell—how they splashed the water in every direction—how the mighty tails lashed to mountains of foam the water, and made the sea a multitude of maelstroms. Nearer, and some of the monsters had seen us—and with a snorting, like race horses, on they came—speeding with terrific force—a rivalry as to who would meet us first. My heart stood still, I stepped down to the deck—Was the Captain mad! What sort of crazy people were the officers? What if a score of such monsters struck us with full rushings—but I saw the Captain standing on the bridge—he was pointing out some particular one to the youngest boy in the ship—I heard his laugh—he was not afraid—the fool thus to court death! I shut my eyes, and

shivered, listened for that shock—surely the shock of a brief battle—then the rush of water through the crashed side of the boat—but I shut my eyes and shivered in vain—the monsters were all around us, yes, I could feel the ship shiver for some monsters under the very keel. Again I stood by the vessel's side—looked down on the great fish that now thickened around us until it seemed like a jam of lumber logs in a river. Their small eyes peered up at us, they opened their wide jaws and we could glance down the red passage way—they swayed their tails to and fro, worked their large fins—as if they were giving an exhibition—revealing all their ugliness, their beauty; even some turned upside down, gave a hundred twists and turns—and all seemingly had an intelligent notion that they were there to let the gazers see every detail that curiosity could demand. And one—it was a baby one—seemed determined to make mischief—a frolic—for it spouted a volume of water right over our heads—and such a scramble, a rush from the down coming scattered water—but only merry shouts as people indulge in—who have suddenly come on a mishap—that may give unpleasantness for a minute—but made the laugh louder for the unexpected discomfort. The wetting made no wrath—the heads were again soon leaning over the side of the vessel; and some who had flowers fell to throwing them on the impertinent baby—who rocked to and fro as if laughter were convulsing his insides.

Did we spend an hour or two in such company—time passes quickly when curiosity excited—and it suddenly came to me—how prodigal of time this Captain was—no Captain of olden vessels would have gone out of their way to satisfy the curiosity of their passengers—but then flashed the thought why not—What if the vessel's machinery lay silent and we halted, sauntered through the midst of such a company? Would any person suffer by this loafing with the ocean loafers who were idle ever in the waves? Greed was dead! The two hours wasted lost not a dollar for the owners—and not a passenger in such haste to mind gazing on this ocean frolic.

And suddenly I saw amid the monsters a new form—nay several—and I had seen enough of them in picture books of old to know that they were sharks—would we have a battle—would the waters be blood red with the life streams of the monsters' hearts? The sharks were here and there—but swam as brothers all—no deadly combat—The Prince of Peace had changed their natures—the curse of sin removed—and enemies floated around each other, above, below each other, but never a snarl, nor a flash of cruel teeth—nor a deadly attack—Harmony among the creatures of the deep—as well as on land. At last the Captain giving the word—the pulse of the engines shivered through the vessel—she moved back to her course—and the monsters parted either way—left her a free passage—and followed us for miles, gamboling, spout-

ing and dashing the waves a creamy white, filling the sky with gorgeous colored rainbows.

Then we heard a snort that seemed to shake the air about us—a big Bull—evidently the leader had spoken—and in a minute not a creature seen—all had sank down out of sight—and soon after we saw their spoutings again—but miles on miles away.

And this was the manner in which I heard the story of Ricardo.

He loved to climb aloft to the crow's nest—tho' not often used, the vessel had a roomy one—the two of us alone—the moon sailing full above us, the wind faint and soft, the vessel gliding almost noiseless over a calm sea of sparkling silvery hue. We sat there alone for sometime without a word. Then he played a soft low melody that was not heard more than twenty feet away—a melody surely never framed by man who had not been translated—and had visited the upper Paradise of God. It was a harmony indescribable—the whisper of an angel—the language of a rose to another rose—the soft music made as if a lily shook itself when it saw the sun.

“Ricardo, tell me how this gift came—for no man ever had such a gift from nature—your lips must have been touched by the Blessed One?”

He laughed the lowest, softest kind of a happy laugh.

“It came in this wise, O my friend.”

“I was born by the sea—on a rock promontory—aye, almost an island—the house stood on the rocks

whose base was ever white with the spray and foam of the restless waters. I must have heard the voice of the sea before my mother's voice sounded in mine ear. Is it then a wonder that I loved the sea—ah, it was a foster mother—aye, a very blessed mother to my soul! My father one of the fisher folk—he loved the sea—and it became to me a teacher of song, of melody, of harmony. It whispered the strangest stories to my boy's mind—oh, it told me the most absorbing stories, and it rhymed to my ears the quaintest kind of songs. It was ever with me—no matter how far inward—landward—I went, I could ever hear the sea calling me—calling me back to her bosom, and her melodies. I went to school and learned all I could of the sea—constantly studying these books which disclosed such knowledge to me of its force, its depths, its caverns, its stress, its weeds, its flowers, its fishes, its shells, its wonderful minute inhabitants, that I became the foremost scholar in that school in anything that related to the sea. If a question arose among the young scholars, in the village, on which some knowledge was wanted of the sea and its wonders—the dispute was left to me to decide, for my knowledge to them seemed boundless and beyond dispute. And song, and story ever my delight—until my parents were puzzled as to what I would naturally turn to for a living. Not as a fisherman for I loved the fishes too well to catch and barter them—live on bread purchased by the death of my fish—never! For trade I had no love, no knack, as a mechanic I was ever a failure—I could not seem

to learn how to handle a tool. I liked to see the fruit, the flowers, the grain, but somehow my soul loathed the pruning knife and plow. And yet I was no drone at school—books were companions I loved. But I felt no inclination to write. I could tell a story but to write one, never. I loved to put down my ears to the sea and listen to its ever changing tunes, in winter and summer weather how its songs change—changed with every shifting of the faintest breeze—but evermore a melody. And the bird's song—ah, I could whistle and mock every bird—and bring them to my hand. I heard the music of the leaves, the love stories told by the flowers—aye, everything in nature had a voice articulate for me—and one and all would whisper to my soul. Moody, yes, loving solitude, almost careless of maiden's beauty—their eyes won me not, their voices cried not music to me—alone with the moor all around me—man not in sight—down by the rocks, in the cool dim cavern—by the white beach in the little coves—ah, what an idler I was. Restless with folks around—but loving nature wild and stern, or nature clad in garments of tree and grass, and flower. I was not twenty one—but would be soon—and soon I would have to make the choice of a trade, a profession—and oft times I was troubled in mind and soul—I felt myself a very worthless person.

One day I was on a wide stretch of sandy beach. The bay was quite a wide one. The tide was out. I was going here and there in bare feet, wading through water left in sunken places. Watching the sea crea-

tures of shell and fish. Gathering up long tresses of sea weed—gazing on its colors, watching its form—ever looking for some beauty in it I had never seen before—for he who tenderly, earnestly watches nature for its wonders will surely ever find new and fresh ones. I was leaning over a small pool, watching some tiny crabs crawling around—softly whistling a tune I had heard a strange bird sing that morning. Suddenly I saw a shadow fall across the water—I started, but a few minutes before I had scanned the beach and not a human in sight—no rocks near that could have hidden this person. How came he here so swiftly? Startled I looked up. One clothed in white was standing near. The one garment had a hood of same material—it covered the head and partly concealed the features—the garment falling down touched the sand completely hiding the feet. I knew it was the figure of a full grown man of fair proportion. The face as far as seen was that of a young man—and the eyes—oh, those eyes—they seemed to read my soul through and through—such sweet soft eyes—such a winsome smile—and yet I trembled as a leaf in the presence, that surely could do me no wrong. I stood face to face—but never word either spoke—but gazing each at the other. In arising the small reed that I had that morning cut by the river, on which after cutting holes I could make a melody—fell from my girdle where I had placed it. It fell at his feet. His eyes glanced down at it—his hand went down and took it up—he smiled at me—then

touched it to his lips—oh, the melody!—How was it—I never knew, but I was kneeling at His feet, looking up into His face, grasping His garment convulsively and crying—yes, crying with a joy that filled and thrilled every fiber of body, soul and spirit. How long did he play—what did he play? idle to question then or now—ah, that was melody! He stopped—and before I knew what I said—I cried out:

“A gift, O King, A gift, O King!”

And then out to me was stretched the hand, the long white fingers. And one of the fingers touched my lips and through my being ran a sudden shock—I trembled in every nerve—faint I grew and would have fallen had not his hand rested on my head—my face was turned down—when I had grasped His garment I had uncovered His feet—sandled feet and the healed flesh over nail holes caught my vision—I looked up—the hood had fallen back—I saw red marks on the brow—healed, but the scars made by the thorns there—I saw the hands—the nail prints plainly seen on the palms—and His voice—that rare grand tone was ringing in my ears—heard by my soul:

“What is thy request?”

“Let me play as my Lord hath played!” I cried out, bending down before Him, clasping His feet.

“Be it as thou desireth, Ricardo!”

I sobbed aloud—I kissed the feet—but in a second I was alone—The King had vanished.”

CHAPTER X

*Why should we queston anything
Mysterious now? our hope should sing—
“All doubts removed when comes The King.”*

R ICARDO said:

“Now know that where we shall tread in two days will be the most holy places of Earth—the very gateway of Heaven, the spot where Jacob’s ladder indeed joins Heaven and Earth.

Know too that the Holy Oblation stands higher than all the other portions of the country. The Holy oblation is a square—fifty seven miles long, fifty seven miles broad. The Holy Place divided into three parts—the first division we shall enter called The Possession of The City is Eleven miles North to South, and fifty seven miles East and West, in the center stands The City of Jerusalem. Immediately North of that, twenty two miles wide, fifty seven miles long The Portion of The Levites. Here the children of the tribe of Levi have their habitations amid a most magnificent stretch of fruitful land. But for the most part the grounds are Parks and pleasure places—for the Levites who attend constantly in different orders, and sections, and shifts, both night and day are ministering at the Sanctuary. They do all the menial work of The House, keep it clean, provide food for the vis-

itors, meet the strangers at the doorways—direct them where to go, instruct them as to the rules of the house, are at the constant bidding of the guests. The South twenty chambers of the Sanctuary set apart for their private use, none allowed there unless given special permission. As the Levites are in constant attendance on Ministry of Sanctuary they are not allowed to trade in a mercantile manner, neither have they time to cultivate their special possessions, for tho' they are of vast numbers—as well they may be, to keep clean, and in order buildings covering a space of four miles square. They are entirely supported by Tithes and free will offerings; and you may suppose **The King** sees they lack for nothing. Now the Sanctuary stands right at the Northern border of The Possession of The Levites occupying about the space whereof old Jerusalem covered. Stretching northward from the limits of The Sanctuary lies The Holy Portion for the Sons of Zadok. Their possessions twenty two miles wide, fifty seven miles long—but no mortal footstep enter in that Palace Place—It is the Earthly home of the Risen Saints. No foot may dare cross the boundary—certain death follows. The law is imperative, and the penalty quickly follows. Ignorance does not save. The boundary line guarded by forces of Nature that can show no pity—for they are natural, and have no choice but to act when transgressor's feet dare to set them in motion—the transgressor his own executioner. Neither human, angelic, or Risen Saints have part, or hand, or wish, or will, in this matter. We are told of

its beauties but the human eye only sees but faint outlines—of palaces, gardens, fountains and other delights, but as the Possession higher than any surrounding mountains—its valleys, dells and pleasant places hidden from curious eyes. With precipitous cliffs, unscalable on three sides, for sheer cliff without a foothold, or ledge anywhere bars footsteps of the most daring. At the side bordering The Levites the boundary line set thick with trees, as it were a forest hiding from prying eyes the beauties within. For you must know that The Risen Saints are always represented by some of their numbers day and night at the Sanctuary. Relays, after relays, at stated hours, new Saints come, and others go back, either to the Earthly home, or to The Heavenly City now stretched right above, which giveth the light to us now at night as clear as days of long gone by."

"Sacrifices!" I exclaimed, "Surely you are mistaken! The Sacrifices of Praise you must mean—not the blood and flesh of animals?"

He was astonished at my astonishment!

"Why not? It is The King's command!"

"But such thought is utterly repugnant to the mind—have we not done with the beggarly elements—"

Ricardo quickly put his fingers to my lips—he was shocked—I could see it on every feature—

"Nay, Nay, friend, speak not so, never say **The King's** command is repugnant—That is high treason! He commands—we obey." "Who dare question His

knowledge—who dare to say—It is not becoming of **Him** so to order!”

“But all the Great Teachers of Christianity of the long ages always spiritualized the chapters of Ezekiel which contained hints of such renewal of sacrifices—or said such were fulfilled at the restoration under Ezra—”

“Well friend it is waste of time to talk of this, know you that these same leaders, now Risen Saints, are some of the very persons who offer the sacrifices on the Lion of God, and sprinkle the blood on the horns. I have spoken to them, and, aye, the sorrowful look that sometimes darkens for an instant their faces—when they confess how blind the instruction they gave the people in their earthly careers—spiritualizing the plainest statement of scripture—thinking they were giving a truthful exposition of God’s Word by ignoring the claims of the flesh, of the human in the Redemption made by the King.”

“Now let us dismiss this exploded wisdom of the Fathers, teachers and Preachers. But never again be hasty in coupling the word “repugnant” with any command of **The King**. Nay, hang not down thy head my friend, **The King** has heard, but **He** knows well your words sprang from false reasoning and false teachings—**He** readily forgiveth every transgression and wants no man sorrowful in **His** Dominions—for **He** forgiveth freely, and Pardoneth all our sins and shortcomings.”

The Levites—the sons of Aaron are now thrust out of the High Priest Hood, and higher Priestly offices. They receive the sacrifices at the door of the Sanctuary, from the hand of the officer, they slay, flay and prepare such parts consecrated for the altar. They deliver the portion thus to be offered at the edge of the inner sanctuary to the hands of The Risen Saints who alone can offer on the altar, which crowns the top of Mount Zion.”

I tell you this so that tomorrow you may have a knowledge of the Places—for no doubt by noon our feet shall stand within thy walls, O Jerusalem; and by this time tomorrow we shall tread the sapphire floors of The Sanctuary—The House of Prayer for all People—and behold its surpassing Glory!

You remember that the promise, or land grant, given to Abraham included a large tract of land from the Nile in Egypt to the Great River, the River Euphrates such started across the Arabian Desert, running from East to West—and now I knew that Isaiah’s prophecy indeed fulfilled: “The Wilderness and the Solitary places shall be glad for them; and THE DESERT shall rejoice and blossom as a rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing; the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it the Excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the Glory of Jehovah and the Excellency of our God.”

“In the wilderness shall waters break out and streams in the desert, and the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water;

in the habitation of Jackals, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes, and a highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The Way of Holiness. . . . No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there; and the Ransomed of Jehovah shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

CHAPTER XI

THE WHITE LIGHT FROM THE KING'S PALACE

*We shall see it from afar
Brighter than sun, moon or star—,
House, where Christ and His Saints are.*

EVERY passing night clearer and more brilliant the white light flashed from the Palace of The Risen Saints—we were soon nearing the sea where we would sail on directly under the Jasper City.

And nearing our journey's end, up from the horizon in all directions loomed stately ships—aye, ships and vessels of all sizes—and evidently from shape and rigging from all quarters of the world. When we entered the straits of Gibraltar we were in a regular fleet of vessels, and much care and attention had to be given for fear of running down a smaller craft than our own—or being run into by a ship as large or even larger than our own. Ah, it was a merry fleet that sailed that summer sea. Each ship gay with bunting and flags—in fact a friendly rivalry as to which ship the most daintily dressed. And then a friendly rivalry as to which of the sea vessels could race a given space the fastest—and which vessel handled by Captain and crew in the most dexterous manner. More often a

friendly rivalry between smaller vessels—but all in good natured manner—and the prize a bunch of flowers, or such offering that debarred the thought of gambling and of Gain. And soon the excitement ran high—in a few hours we would behold the vast quays which stretched for miles along the coast—which made the landing place for the entire Western World to the port of entry of the City of **The Great King**.

Ricardo had already informed me that the olden coast line of Palestine had been entirely changed. A geological change indeed—the mighty Earthquake had driven back the sea for many, many miles, lifting from the sea a mighty track of land reaching from about the former mouth of the Nile clear to Asia Minor. The land of Palestine was entirely changed in many particulars. Where in prehistoric ages Earthquakes had made a great fault, depressing the coast line of Palestine, Africa to the South, and Asia Minor to the North—Now another Earthquake had lifted the same submerged land to its former position.

Therefore the Port of Entry of Palestine was several miles from the Capital Jerusalem. In fact a vast City had sprung up along the shore line, and here was brought the merchandise of the world for barter and trade. The Great Merchant houses of the Globe had headquarters at the Port of Entry. Here the Occident and Orient—the North and the South met, greeted each other, and exchanged their merchandises—their products, their manufactured Goods. This Port of Entry absolutely controlled by the Israelitish

Merchant Princes. But they were no longer avaricious, coveting and grasping—their nature being changed. Grace, Equity and Truth ruled every branch of selling and buying. At this Port of Entry was transacted all the foreign business between the nations of the world. The Price an article would bring at the Port of Entry was the price on which all the prices of the World for that article was based. No fluctuations of market—for a hundred years the price would not vary—the supply and demand equal—no glut in the market—The Risen Saints had under their control the given amount the Earth would bring forth of each staple—so speculation was not dreamed of—certainty the order of trade—no buying cheap or selling dear. No person bought a single article here for sale to find a glut, nor a scarcity. A fair margin of profit for producer of the raw material, a fair margin of profit for the manufacturer—a fair margin of profit for the merchantman—an unvarying scale which banished speculation, avarice and greed. The Port of Entry had vast and mighty warehouses filled to overflowing with the products of The World. But for that matter the immense quays crowded with merchandise unprotected, unwatched, either by day or night. Patrol and Police protection unknown. None afraid to leave the most precious merchandise opened and exposed to passer's sight and touch. A thief would soon be caught. Dishonesty indeed a most foolish action for detection followed quickly—and the wrong doer always found, no matter what the subterfuge used to cover the offense.

No trafficking of any kind was allowed in the City of **The Great King**. It was entirely a Residential City. Stores and warehouses to be sure for distributing food and clothes to the dwellers—but no great mercantile transaction—and manufacture of all kinds utterly forbidden. The Hotels for accommodation of travelers were very numerous—Houses of ease, comfort, modern in every particular; so that the millions who came up at the Feast of Tabernacles, representatives from every country under Heaven, here found ample accommodation, no crowding, no inconvenience from lack of bread and sleeping place. And no exorbitant prices—they that could pay paid—and they too poor to pay never wanted for any earthly comfort as long as they abode in The City of **The Great King**. No loafers lingered there, no drones, no idlers—the very atmosphere changed such people to self respecting, want-to-work people. The spirit of labor and honor contagious.

The sun was soon to sink below the horizon—so that we knew we could not see the Port of Entry by day. But now being directly under the Palace of the Saints, tho' leagues, on leagues high above us, still the light all round us clear and strangely beautiful—for this light cast no shadow. Shadows seem eaten up in this new world. It looked as if eternal high noon, the light made no shadow—clear at one place as another it was a shadowless night. And suddenly to our eyes loomed up to the East as if it were four mighty beacon lights—away northeast of The Port of Entry. A mighty cry of joy ran from ship to ship

in our immediate neighbourhood—every one on board our vessel crowding the side, crowding the bulwark—all eyes fixed on the far away GLORY. Every one knew what they were—but evermore that Glory appeared fresh and fair to the eye, no matter how often seen. Four towers springing up—their color that of a ruby—and between the space of the towers, above them lay A CLOUD OF LIGHT—one could call it naught else—A GREAT CLOUD DENSE WITH LIGHT.

So at last mine eyes had seen the Glory Cloud resting over the Tabernacle—The House of Prayer for all nations. And soon, to our eyes, we saw the immense structure of the Sanctuary taking shape. Lo, the side turned towards our eyes had foundation the color of sapphires—above them, walls of wondrous colored stones—and here and there along the walls, at stated intervals, were blazing carbuncle stones—we knew them to be the gateways—and then at the four corners sprang up the immense, lofty, yet slender towers—built of rubies—the whole building glistening, built of precious stones—that glowed—flashed—the most beautiful building ever seen by eyes, who had not seen the upper Beautiful Mansion of **The King** and **His** Retinue of Risen Saints.

I could not utter a word—I was dumb at the sight of such a building—was this only a dream—mirage soon to vanish? but no, Ricardo had told me of this before but his eloquent words had brought no conception of the majestic splendor of this Sanctuary, composed of Precious Stones. Suddenly the cry:

"Let go the Anchor!" shocked me back to where I stood. I looked around and saw a strange sight—ships, ships, ships, until the near world seemed to be made of ships. While I was wrapped up in my vision of The Glory, the vessel had drawn nearer and nearer to the Port of Entry. In fact through the rigging of the ship I could see the outlines of the vast structures, back of the quays, in which were piled the rich raw materials and manufactured articles representing the products of the entire Globe.

We could not land that night. Traffic for the day suspended on the Docks—which were entirely deserted of human kind. The Landing would be bright and early in the morning. Then arose a hymn of praise, led by the sweet melody of Ricardo, to the Glory of The Great King. Now those who wished could slumber. Few went to their berths, almost the entire company laid down on the deck, or wherever they were. As for me I sat on the vessel's prow for hours—watching—drinking in the beauty of the Sanctuary.

At last Ricardo tipped my arm—"Come friend—you must rest—for tomorrow will be The Red Day of your Life. You shall see The City of God—perchance, see the Face of The King!"

I could say nothing—I only pressed his hand—and side by side we lay down—and soon sleep came—and after a dreamless sleep, as peaceful as a child's—I opened mine eyes, sprang to my feet—and saw before mine eyes—away in the distance the faint outline of the Palaces that stood in **The City of The Great King.**

CHAPTER XII

*Then everything be passing fair—
All men be truthful and sincere,
Lo, no deception anywhere
Because The Risen Christ is here.*

I HAD been awakened from slumber by the gentle motion of the ship—we were now nearing the docks and quays. The Quays where passengers landed to the North of the immensely larger docks and quays where merchandise unloaded. As we neared the quay one could not help noticing the great length and thickness of the granite blocks with which the quays were built. Huge blocks, but the sides, and top, and bottom, hewed with such a nicety that on the closest inspection one could only see the joinings of the stones as thin as a wafer. Such building must have been costly indeed—as every stone seemed to have been turned out by a master hand. The quays looked indeed what they were—massive, able to resist the beat of storm and wave—immovable they arose from their rocky foundations which were sunk deep in the sea—to such a depth that the largest vessel afloat could lay along the piers and find plenty of water to float—no fear of grounding on rocks. The vessel was soon at the pier, the passengers all ready to unload—and that was done in a quiet orderly manner, but in an

incredible short time. Ricardo went up on the bridge where the captain stood to bid him farewell, and thanks for the passage.

In a few minutes his arm through mine, Prince following, we passed down the gangway and stood on the quay. Already others had gone before and had been met by half a dozen men, in long flowing garments, rich in color and material, with white turbans—and one glance at their faces showed them to be Israelites. For the moment it struck me—were they custom house officials? I mentioned of the thought to Ricardo—and he laughed most pleasant:

“Aye, that is good, Friend mine, I shall tell them of it! But know there are no custom houses here, and no officials to examine cargoes, and passenger’s luggage. The only Public officials at the Port of Entry, Harbor Masters, who consign to vessels coming in where they shall land, and at what dock they shall unload. But yon men who greet the Passengers are men who instruct strangers where to go, what hotels they are consigned to, give them information of every kind—and all without money and without price. No one is lost, none need go astray, all are safe when they reach The Land, most peculiarly, The Land of **The King**.

“As to us,” Ricardo said, “we knowing our way from former occasions have no need of their good services; at the same time we must not offend them by any seeming indifference to their good offices!”

"Ricardo! Ricardo, Peace to thee—and Blessings of **The King** rest on Thee!"

The words came from the official who seemed to be highest in command—his face beaming with pleasure, he had come forward to greet Ricardo with open hand. The other officials excusing themselves for the moment to those with whom they were engaged, came forward with welcome on their lips—this singer, Ricardo, was known evidently the world over.

We soon stepped out—ignoring the conveniences—for Ricardo wanted to point out the different things he knew would interest me, which could not be done so effectually if whirled along by Electric cars. The morning, ah, such a morning—the air was a pleasure to breathe—it was a glory never felt before just to live! And Life everywhere! joyous, happy, calm—the human rejoiced—and beasts were not forgotten. The exhilarating breath of the sea—met the fragrant breath of the flowers—mingling together, it was stimulating to every nerve—to every fiber of the body—the red blood throbbing in the veins—made motion a delight, a luxury.

Surely the warehouses were costly structures of large blocks of granite, buildings that would last for a thousand years. Tramways along the wide streets—cranes, hoisting machinery of all kinds—so that the touch of a button carried to the various stories of the buildings the countless kinds of merchandise; and above the white walled buildings, above the red tiled roofs, the stately palm trees reached out their fronded heads—

and seemed to whisper a blessing on the toil below. The utter absence of smoke made the atmosphere very clear, the eyes unaided could see an immense distance. And then no wall smoked, dilapidated buildings, none falling into decay and ruin. Large openings and wide windows to let in the light and sweet air. No damp cellars—but lofty airy rooms, smelling of the rare merchandises—an air made sweet and pure by the breath of the Oceans. A spicy smell, aromatic, from some of the warehouses. And men—bright faced, brightly dressed in cool white garments, all seemingly young men or in the prime of early manhood. The streets clean, well paved, no ruts, nor filth, nor refuse—but in every street and alley a perfect wholesomeness.

But we lingered not to see such—tempting as it would have been to examine the wealth of earthly products of the harvest, to examine the wonders wrought by mechanical genius, and the brain and hand of the human. For the seas, the mines, the fields contributed to all human wants here to perfection.

Our feet were set for the City of **The King** so without regret we left behind us that wonderful Port of Entry with its almost incalculable riches of product.

Ricardo soon left the broad, stately roadway which led straight to the City. The rather one of the many roadways—for away for miles down southward at stated places were the truly magnificent highways from the Port of Entry towards Jerusalem.

Ricardo soon stood by a river—such a river—calm,

peaceful, and clear as crystal. The banks on either side clad with grass and flowers which ran down to meet the waters—where flowers ended water began—no wild unkept banks of earth broken here and there by crevices and gulleys, cut by torrent, and storm, and rain. Nay, as a well kept garden on either side of the River, no refuse of any kind, no decaying vegetable matter, no broken off limbs of trees, decaying, moss grown, haggard whispering of death. And suddenly I was aware of—trees growing on either side of that River—fruit trees on which at same time one beheld the blossom, the fruit in all stages of ripening—and fruit just ripe, none too ripe, ready for the plucking. Fruit trees of various kinds, most winsome to the sight, most tempting to the eye.

Ricardo sang out to me:

“Take and eat freely—**The King** spreads a bountiful repast of fruit for who so ever will!”

I did not want a second invitation, we plucked what suited the fancy; close to the murmuring stream, on the flowers and grass we lay and eat. Ah! that first bite of the teeth in that new strange fruit that I had never seen before on earth, the deliciousness when the juice first came in contact with my palate—that morning indeed I ate of Angel's food. And now I noticed tho' the trees covered with ripe fruit that none lay on the ground, not a single fruit rotting, nor decaying—no waste of any kind. And I went from tree to tree and no sign of the first speck of decay—perfect

fruit every one—not a mar, nor stain, nor thought of imperfection.

Ricardo noted my inspection.

“Aye, look thee sharp, my friend, and a golden coin I will give thee if a single fleck of imperfection you find on a single globe of fruit. Nay, golden pieces twelve times counted if you will find a fleck of imperfection—even in any tree of This garden of **The King**. And come when you will—Winter in her ermine, Spring with her emerald, Summer with her rubies, Autumn with her gold, come here and ever find fruit, ripe fruit, ready for the lips. Every month has its own fruit—and never came one yet to be disappointed of ripe delicious fruit in **The King’s** orchard. And the leaves, notice well the leaves, they are carried all over the world, should an accident occur—flesh injuries of the most grave, or slightest, by application of these leaves to the wounded part—immediate cessation of pain and perfect healing. Millions come to feast along this river, for know you that many thousands each day are coming to, and going from, the City of **The Great King**—but no matter when they came at all seasons, at all hours, ripe fruit rich and rare for all, none disappointed—and no waste, no decay, not a fruit too many for the fruitage is calculated by **The King**, and **He** allows no waste at **His** tables!”

CHAPTER XIII
THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING

*When shall I enter—when
Shall my Lord welcome in—
Shut out forever tears and sin!*

R ICARDO now led forward to a cross street running South; and after a good sized stretch had been covered turned into a broad avenue running directly East.

Some little ways ahead the eyes beheld an archway, over the street, of gracious appearance and splendor—approaching, one saw a very wide gateway—tall, exquisitely carved—pillars at either side, and springing from pillar to pillar rose the archway—the pillars and archway of carbuncle stones glistening in the sun with rare brilliancy. Nearing I beheld the name of one of The Princes of Israel carved over the archway—we were entering the city by the Gateway of—Asher. And now before my sight stretched, without a doubt, one of the straightest, and longest, and widest streetways in the world. Not the only one for in that City three such ran East and West—three ran North and South intersecting each other—each in detail without perceptible difference. In the center a well paved roadway for all sorts of conveyances—such roadway

flanked on either side by a stream of water which made a pleasant murmur and cooled the atmosphere. On either side of each stream luxuriant shade trees which completely covered the broad side walks for foot passengers. Each side of the street stately structures—immense hotels, each capable of holding many hundreds of guests. The architecture varied, solid, massive buildings, nearly all the rooms opened to the air—and so shaped that plenty light and ventilation in every room. None of the sky scraper buildings met the eye—some one story, and up to four stories—but all the ceilings high, lofty and finished with rare stone work and carvings—for lath work and plaster unknown in the buildings—and not a building but finished in such a manner as to last 1000 years.

The stores were mostly small, and each store only carried for sale a few articles in the same line of staples. Monstrosity stores, stores selling all and every article ever dreamed of, strictly forbidden—no monopoly allowed—and one price—plainly marked—so that even a child could not make a mistake. The heavy wholesale establishments alone allowed at Port of Entry. And no manufacturing of any kind allowed within the four squared city—no hum of loom, nor needles, nor hammer of machinery ever heard. Plenty of stores of the greatest variety—but no rivalry—no bargain counters—one could buy just as cheaply at one store carrying that line of goods as at another store—and the article of same price equal in manufacture as far as workmanship and material concerned. So that

if a dweller or stranger in the City wanted a certain article he could do just as well by purchasing at the nearest store, as if had tried every store of such kind the city over.

The four square City divided into even sections—three principal streets running from West to East—Each with a gateway similar to the other—at one end of City the three gateways—West end—had carved over the gateway the names of Israel's Princes:—

Gad—Asher—Naphtali.

Where such streets ended on the other side of the City—behold three similar Archways and the names engraved over the gate of entrance:—

Joseph—Benjamin—Dan.

On the North side of the City three similar gateways, arches—and the names inscribed:—

Reuben—Judah—Levi.

These three streets ending at opposite end or approach to the City from the South—gateways, arches—with names inscribed:—

Simeon—Issachar—Zebulun.

Now between these great roadways were smaller streets running parallel with them—wide streets with streams of water, shade trees, beautiful gardens—but nearly all private residences. Residences of all sizes—all descriptions—varied designs—each suiting the fancy of the owner for no rented houses in The City of **The King**. No landlords, no tenants in the old sense of the term. A prince of Israel may reside in a prince-

ly palace—and next door to him the cottage of an artisan. But every street, every alley scrupulously clean. No filth, no trash, no dilapidated houses, no shantys, no rookerys, no cooped up crowded tenements in the city of **The King**. Each child of Israel held his own lot, one as large as the other, of uniform size the home lot—plenty of space for green grass, fruit and shade trees—and flowers; ah, they ran riot and rampant everywhere. Roses climbed, and climbed to the roofs, grew with such multiplicity—so varied in color, size, and beauty to gladden the homes of the poorest in the City of The King. And every man of family held his own home—except a friend may pay him a visit for a space, no householder allowed to keep boarders—or let another family permanently reside with him. Home was hallowed—the privacy of home sacred—no outsider could abide permanently under the Home roof.

The City was generally full of strangers. And at the Feast of Tabernacles crowded to its full capacity; and then most of the private houses thrown open without money or without price in the heartiest and most lordly hospitality to strangers whom they had, perchance, never seen before. For no stranger who ever stepped inside of The City of The King ever wanted a friend—a welcome—plenty of bread, and a couch of ease and quietness. The Great Hotels not run for a profit—built, equipped and carried on for the accommodation of the strangers visiting **The House of Prayer**. The payments asked for simply covered ex-

pense—a minimum cost—and if any deficiency such defrayed from the general Treasury of The City. The comforts therefore at the maximum, the expense to the stranger—the minimum. All eat at same table, same bill of fare, same service, same style of sleeping places—and one paid, or not—the payment received with a thanks—the non payment not met with a frown. All were guests of **The King** if they so desired. But the presents some poured into **The King's** treasury made a deficiency a very rare thing indeed. And indeed it was very rarely the poorest did not pay what they knew was the stated price—but for which no bill was presented at their departure—no dun, no unpleasantness of any kind—simply Gifts received should one desire to give.

CHAPTER XIV

*Walk through her many streets and see
Perfection in most trifling thing,
Beauty, adaptability—
The Architect was—Christ the King.*

NOW he brought me to the center of the City—which was a very large square. At the heart of the square a most sightly imposing fountain, fashioned out of solid bronze, the figures and statues of silver. The fountain surrounded by beds of flowers, and flowering plants and bushes, all of tropical breeding, verdure and beauty. Ferns of the most delicate sprays and branches lifted up slender stems; graceful palms stately and tapering aloft—high in air—Gorgeous flowers flung to the gaze, breasts of color charming to the eyes—The garden, or rather Park, was in display of color and wealth of bud and blossom the most fascinating bit of earthly paradise I had up to this time beheld. Walks laid out in all directions, so that one to follow walked miles in a scene of fairy like beauty in a square a mile in length and breadth as the crow flies.

And facing this beautiful spot on the four sides were rows of detached buildings—evidently Public Buildings. Each Building of different architectural effect, but forming an impressive, stately, massive imperial

set of buildings, with the lines of their facades so running to the eye along the horizon, as to make as it were one harmonious effect that rested, while charming the gazer.

Now he brought me before one of the buildings which had rather a startling appearance—it looked as if carved out of solid water—as if it were a veritable house made of frozen waters—and, lo, carved over the portico were the letters:

THE HOUSE OF WATERS.

The house and its name surely well adapted to each other—for from foundation stone to the roof the effect was water, water, water.

And quickly mine eyes turned to the next building and here again a startling effect—one would have taken it again to be a house built of water, and inside floating fish of all sizes, shapes, colors—so vivid the effect, that one could imagine the whole building one transparent wall of water, as if the ocean cleft in twain with fishes innumerable floating and disporting in the waves. And over the portals I read the name—each letter carved in little fish forms:

THE HOUSE OF THE FISHES.

Surely I was full of wonderment—and gazed speechless on the structures—each very large indeed like the buildings of a World's Fair display—but of a glory of color and effect never dreamed of, nor obtained, in the olden times. I saw that Ricardo was watching

me with kindly interest—his arm in mine—his eyes flashing with a light showing how his spirit rejoiced in seeing my rejoicing at the wonders about me.

Towards the next building—and this effect was as if a mass of water fowls had been shapen to form a stately structure—and over the stately portico on the walls ran the words, letters formed as if composed of flying fowls:

THE HOUSE OF WATER FOWLS.

Then another building and it had the effect as if falling rain had suddenly been arrested in its down pour, and on its face played the glory of a magnificent rainbow—giving a wonderful color effect—and over the portico on the wall letters, as if formed by raindrops:

THE HOUSE OF THE RAIN.

Then another building—walls covered as if with hoar frost—as one sees on a window pane ere the sun comes to melt it on a winter morning, delicate tracery of lines, where one may trace scene of mountain, flood and field. And so over the portico on the walls, letters made as if by fretwork and flowers of frost:

THE HOUSE OF FROST.

And then the next—such an effect!—A building without a single fleck of dirt, or darkness, or of any color except white,—white, clear white, not of a glaring effect paining the eye to look at—but as if snow had been pressed to form blocks of white, delicate

white stones—blocks of snow from foundation to topmost freize—and the letters formed as if a boy had pressed snow in his fingers to shape them:

THE HOUSE OF SNOWS.

And so we came to another side of the square—and, lo, it seemed as if millions of blossoms of all colors, shapes, sizes, had been piled together but with wondrous effect and stately elegance of form—looking at it, one in very truth seemed to be smelling a scent of combination of scents that intoxicate as if with a draught of pleasure—and over the portico—against the wall ran letters formed of clusters of delicate blue forget-me-nots:

THE HOUSE OF FLOWERS:

Now this may be gazed on for years—and new combinations of color ever come afresh as if not seen before.

But how relate them all—we passed:

THE HOUSE OF TREES.

THE HOUSE OF PLANTS.

THE HOUSE OF VEGETABLES, and many other houses.

And, lo to another corner—and again I was startled—it seemed as if millions on millions of grains of wheat, and barley, and oats—and scores of other grains mingled together—yet forming slabs of massive stones, forming pillars, porticos, facades—and, lo, over the

entrance place, formed on the wall letters as if made of large kernels of wheat :

THE HOUSE OF GRAIN.

And so from side to side of the square; gazing in rapture at these strange stately structures, until at last we stood once more before The House of Waters. Then impatient as a boy eager to know the truth of this matter—I led Ricardo to the nearest one of the many seats scattered over the square, and flinging myself down, cried :

“O Ricardo—tell me of these wonderful Buildings—where to their use—what do they represent?”

“Well, O Friend, it gives me the keenest pleasure to see your delight and wonderment—then know, that in the Buildings around us are chambers in which are computed The Wants of The World. Men of old never seemed to realize that angels were their ministers in earthly things. They saw not behind the arras as it were, where the different Angels to whom God had committed the watch care of The World, wrought at their various duties. Men believed things came and went at haphazard—that things were not measured according to the wants of men, beasts, birds and fishes. It never seemed to be impressed on them that millions, countless millions of creatures of all sizes, every day, sat down to the Lord of Heaven and Earth’s table to be fed.

Did the necessary measure of wheat and corn, and flesh, and grass—come to creatures without some One

superintending it all?—were millions of sparrows to be fed each day and no calculation to be made as to where that vast amount of bread should be in readiness day after day, year after year, to their call and pleading? Who calculated how much flesh and milk, and grain, and fish, and fowls it would take every day to feed Earth's men and women—so plenty enough and yet no waste? For did it ever strike men that there is no waste, no great overplus from year to year, would indeed be enough, and none to waste, if all men their brother's keepers, and nations who wanted as brother nations. Nay, God's ministers must be mathematicians of no mean skill, exact in their figuring as to how much of each kind it will take, to feed a world of utterly helpless beings who but for His exceedingly tender watch care would soon die of hunger.

Now of old such overseership in the hands of Angels—but in this age the Overseership in the hands of The Risen Saints.

Each building has A Risen Saint as a Prince to order and direct the business of that special Division of Overseership for which the house erected. For instance: THE HOUSE OF GRAIN, That Prince is head over the Department which calculates to a pound the amount of various grains required to feed the entire world for that year. Under him are a great many Saints who help him—but he stands directly responsible to **The King** for the amount of grain that will be required. Then the Saints under him are over the

different provinces in which the world is divided. They carry out The Head Prince's orders, see that nothing hinders the yield—see that each province gives the required quota, which will have to be produced to make up the entire amount of grain wanted for the World's food supply. A mighty task—requiring patient figuring, but then a labor of Love. To this building, to The House of Grains—come from over the world—the request, the desire, and complaints of humanity—The Prince's position is no sinecure but love makes his labors a blessing. To be sure he is not constantly in The House of Grains but he has certain hours, and always there to meet any person from any portion of The World who wishes to see him—who comes asking for advice, for counsel or making complaints.

Now at all the other houses the same order, The Prince head of that Department, his numerous and many helpers some at office work, more coming and going constantly to, and from various places, over all the habitable globe in pursuance to the wants of Humanity, and the Creatures under Humanity.

Know that every person working in each Building are Risen Saints—none allowed to go through the Buildings entirely. Each building has an Audience Room for all Callers—but the problems worked out and solved all in the watch care of Risen Saints. The Angels now have nothing to do with the Government, nor for the providing for the wants of Humanity. So as you gaze around here on the various Buildings know, that here is determined what the earth shall

yield in flesh, in fowl, in oil, in wine, in corn, in wheat, in every product grown for use of Earth's inhabitants. Here the fall of snow, hail, and rain calculated—how much wanted in the various Provinces of the World. Here determined the amount of wool, hemp, flax, cotton and other innumerable articles wanted to clothe the millions of men, women and children of The round World. A mighty undertaking, a responsible position to occupy—for every creature, billions in number, dependent on their faithfulness to Duty—under the loving guidance of **The King of Glory.**”

I pressed his hands—my heart was too full for words—but I lifted my cap and blessed **The King** for His loving care in satisfying “the desire of every living thing” in His Kingdom.

“From the Risen Saints I heard of a book written, before The King came back, by Malthus, who had been much praised in England and elsewhere for his political economy—the system called—Malthusian, founded on the hypothesis that the population increased in a geometrical, while eatables only increased in an arithmetical ratio—therefore if growth of population was not checked, millions of the inhabitants of the earth would finally face famine, even starvation. This so-called wise philosopher did not read The Word, wherein it is written: “He shall open His hand and satisfy the desire of every living thing.” He did not believe, so most of the so-called wise scholars, that the King would come back.

So prevalent grew Malthus wisdom that others could see nothing but famine—if wars did not destroy thousands of people after several successive generations. They discarded Jehovah's word:

“There shall be an handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon; and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the Earth.”

“Behold the days shall come, saith Jehovah, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth the seed; and the mountains shall drop sweet wine and all the hills shall melt.”

“The floors shall be full of wheat and the vats shall overflow wine and oil,”—“and it shall come to pass in that day, that I will answer, said Jehovah, I will answer the heavens and they shall answer the earth, and the earth shall answer the grain and the new wine, and the oil, and they shall answer whom God soweth;”

“Jehovah shall open His hand and fill the desire of every living thing.” “And in that day will I make a covenant for them with the beasts of the field, and with the birds of the heavens, and with the creeping things of the earth”. “In that day shall thy cattle feed in large pastures; the oxen likewise, and the young asses that till the ground shall eat savory provender which hath been winnowed with the shovel and with the foot.” “For the earth shall be full of the Jehovah, as the waters cover the sea.”

I have heard that before the King came back that the nations did not obey the original command:

"Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the Earth and subdue it," that the nation settled down and did not scatter—so that when people in China, India and Europe increased, the Rulers did not send them forth to the uninhabited places of the earth. South America and Africa only thinly populated, and there were millions, and millions of acres of swamps and hills which the ingenuity of man could have made fit for human habitations, yet until He came back undrained and uncultured. Why now, after four hundred years of the Reign of Peace—there are still millions on millions of acres to be subdued, and made fit for humanity—the world has now thrice the inhabitants than before the King came back—and plenty for all—no famine, no hunger; and not any of the inhabitants need say for long, "I am sick!"

So that you see Jehovah has to the letter fulfilled His words uttered thousands of years ago.

And here let me say, what many have said, tho' no warrant in Scripture,—that the Earth will indeed be so populated that the cry will come:

"The place is too strait for me:
Give place to me that I may dwell".

Thou hast seen the stars—in some places thick as the leaves of a tree in summer—why not humanity go forth and populate the planets and stars when Jehovah said twice to man—

"Be fruitful and multiply, bring forth abundantly." He put no limit to numbers—therefore the idea has some ground to say, Man shall populate, and populate

every planet and star that Jehovah shall create—fancy what a volume of song and praise that will be, of countless worlds on worlds of humanity—as one voice bursting in holy joy at the Pierced feet of Jehovah on His throne of Glory.” “You know how mockers sneered in “the waiting time” at what they believed were the limits of the Holy Land of the Jews:—“This tribal God of Israel—Jehovah was surely a tribal God, thinking in tribal numbers, giving such a small place for Israel to dwell in, so small a place as to be contemptible!”

Fools they were! And the Great Leaders of the professing Christian church then no better, who for so many centuries were blinded to the extent of the Land Grant given to Abraham—and confirmed in one particular to the War Chief Joshua—the Land of Promise included:

“All the Land of the Hittites.”

Now Israel never conquered the Hittites, neither did they possess for one moment “All the Land of the Hittites,” on account of their Rebellion against their rightful King, until the King came back again, and, with His word of mouth, possessed “all the land of the Hittites.”

The reason that Joshua did not conquer the land is told by Jehovah in these words:

“I will not drive them out from before thee in one year, lest the land become desolate, and the beasts of the field multiply against thee.”

This nation, or confederacy of various tribes—The Hittites, held a mighty Empire for near one thousand years—once stretching from the Great River Euphrates to Egypt—and from Euphrates to the Aegean Sea. They only held Egypt for a short time; had several cities under tribute in Palestine for a time; but their southern boundaries proper were the lands of Syria; and on what was called the Land of the Hittites—the Israelites never to, one foot, of it possessed. Tho' it is mentioned that they did pay a tribute to King David.

This stretch of land from Euphrates to the Western Sea once called Asia Minor, a land very, very, rich in minerals—a land of various climes—temperate, semi-tropical and almost tropical.

Now before the King came back, it seemed strange that Our Lord should alone call special attention to the Seven Churches in Asia Minor, when other churches, at other places, could have been shown displaying among their members the evils, the heresy to which He called special attention. Christians then did not consider that as a Man He was David's heir; and the promise to the blessed virgin was:

"The Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His Father David, and He shall reign over the House of Jacob forever."

Here then was He not only to reign over the Kingdom of David, but over the Land promised to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; so that our Lord Jesus in writ-

ing to the Seven Churches of Asia Minor, as those cities were in His Kingdom, He had a perfect right to demand of them, spiritual allegiance; and it is remarkable several of the churches within easy reach of this Western Sea—the Western boundary line of the land of which He was The Rightful King.

Then it was not strange, that when the churches become cold, indifferent, to His spiritual reign, that He did remove their candlesticks, and swept the most of them with the besom of destruction?

Ricardo, it was significant that the entire portion of the earth that Jesus Christ could claim a legal right to rule over, should have been held for near five hundred years a prey to the Turks? Yet under the rule of a people who could not, in the strictest sense, be called Idolaters.

“And though England had sinned grievously, as she had for centuries been known as “The Land of The Open Book” (the Holy Scriptures and in a manner gave it to the entire world) Jehovah of Hosts delivered many Peoples unto her hands, how otherwise could one little Island dictate in a large measure to the nations of the earth? As one of her sons sang centuries ago:

Lo, Thou hast been a Jewel Case to hold
JEHOVAH'S Book, and wert exceeding bold
To face all Nations who to God were cold.

An Open Word that He who ran may read—
And every other Nation Thou didst lead
In publishing, and wishing a good speed.

And surely feared among the Nations Thou
Wearing a crown upon the sea girt brow

That never to a conqueror did bow!

What was Phenicia, Carthage—even Rome
For small the space their pushing footsteps roam—
Compared to Thine—breasting all Ocean's foam.

Heir to Phenicia, or her modern daughter—
Whose restless spirit wandered every water—
Alas, to leave o'er all a trace of slaughter.

Surely o'er all the Earth the eye can see
The seeds you planted grow luxuriantly—
O'er the broad Earth Thy Daughters Nations be!

And is it a fantastic—idle dream—
All Nations held in check adown Time's stream
'Til Thou hadst blossomed such God's wish I deem!

For Greater Nations surely than Thy Throne—
And yet as girding up Thy Skirts, alone
The Colonizing Blessing seemed Thine own!

Surely another Israel in God's hand
He made Thee mighty—gave Thee vast command—
The vastest Empire—smallest The Home Land!

It seemed as He had wished and shaped for Thee
The wide Dominion of an Open Sea
And said—"Possess—Thy Birthright it shall be!"

Ricardo, you are well aware Christians for centuries did not comprehend the meaning of Isaiah's prophecies about Tarshish—when he sang so often of this Sea faring nation, they took it for granted such quotations were already fulfilled—yet how they could, now, seems strange to us—for never could those wonderful words have been fulfilled until immediately before the King's return.

"Surely the Isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first to bring thy sons from far, their silver and their gold with them for the name of Jehovah, thy God, and the Holy One of Israel, because He hath glorified thee."

Indeed! what other maritime nation could it have been said:

"Ho! to the Land shadowing with wings which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia.

That sendeth ambassadors by the sea even in vessels of bulrushes upon the waters saying: Go, ye swift messengers, to a nation scattered and peeled, to a people terrible from their beginning hitherto; a nation meted out and trodden down, whose land the rivers have spoiled!

All ye inhabitants of the world, and dwellers on the earth, see ye, when he lifteth up an ensign on the mountains; and when he bloweth a trumpet, hear ye!

In that time shall the present be brought unto the Lord of Hosts of a people scattered and peeled, and from a people terrible from their beginning hitherto; a nation meted out and trodden under foot, whose land the rivers have spoiled, to the place of the name of the Lord of Hosts, the mount Zion."

"Ricardo, the pride of England did not care to hear Jehovah's warnings. They should have known from the context before and after that the warning when uttered, could not have been fulfilled by the old time Tarshish:

"Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish with an East wind."

"The day of Jehovah of Hosts upon all that is proud and haughty and upon all that is lifted up, and it shall be brought low ... upon all the ships of Tarshish."

"But now we see England once stricken, now healed and forgiven for her once being foremost in giving Jehovah's Book to the Nations before The King came back."

CHAPTER XV

*Sin hath a charm we may deride—
Not easily is cast aside,
Lures on as if a flower strewn path—
But ends in Everlasting wrath!*

THEN suddenly Ricardo said:
“Now come and I will show thee the reverse side to the House of Life:—it is but right that thou shouldst also behold that—which men would fain banish from their minds—when they want to do as seemeth good to their own eyes and disregard The Word of The King.” And so led outside of city walls, at some distance to a strange place surely neglected—as if few passed that way. We entered between blind walls, along a pathway seemingly new not much used, bare, stony and rough, like a half paved street way falling into decay. Suddenly we came to a flight of stone steps that led downward to a sunken place. The stairway of black basalt, the flags left unpolished, in fact exceedingly rough, as if the stones forming the stairway had been roughly cut from the quarry with the most primitive of tools. Ragged edges standing up, so that one had to descend with care for the sharp angles would cause one’s feet to slip, and to fall on such a stairway would indeed be dangerous.

As we descended the first few steps it seemed as if a chill air had struck us; I shivered and felt my blood tingle as if from a sudden shock.

When we gained the lower level we stood still between blank walls—but suddenly the walls ended and we stood in an open space—it gave me the idea of a square.

Sullen cypress and willow trees grew thick and dark—the place was a blot upon the beauty of God's earth of sunshine.

I shivered again—and tho' a dead silence around and not a single leaf quivered on the dismal trees—there seemed in mine ears the sobbing and bitter crying of storm winds, the sharp keen wailing which winds make through broken doors and windows of a desolate, deserted house full of ghastly chambers.

We entered a darkly shaded place where the faint semblance of a former pathway may be traced, for here grew the trees so heavy with their black limbs, sullen, dampish looking leaves—leaves that seem to end in prickly thorns, and so closely grew the trees together that we had often to thrust aside the branches in making progress. Under foot the grass was high, coarse, thick, and dark colored—one almost stumbled in the luxurious growth of its repellent spear heads, which seemed too stout ever to have felt the South wind sigh among them.

I was oppressed in mind and soul, and but for Ricardo I would have turned back and fled this horrible wood.

I never saw Ricardo's face so solemn and awed before, I could see the place jarred on his sensitive soul—and but that he deemed it as a duty to me to let me behold this place he would not otherwise have entered.

It had a marked effect on Prince, the lion, who slunk quite close to his master as if he feared a something, and looked to the human for companionship and protection. His head was down, the ears picked up as if he were listening intently for some far off noise—his large eyes restless, now rolled from side to side, then piercing ahead as if he expected a something to spring out from the gloom at him. His tail slunk close between his hind legs, his whole attitude showing that he was afraid of this gruesome place.

And tho' surely it was not more than a thousand paces from where the sunlight lived it seemed a most interminable journey until we stepped to a more open space.

Before us stood Three Houses—but so different from the Houses of Life we had left behind in the sunlit square.

The Houses stood out grim, silent, lifeless, the tall trees behind formed a most depressing back ground. And the dead, dead silence of the place. Not the cry or stir of a bird, nor hum of bee, nor grasshopper song, nor the form, nor sound of beast; and of humanity the place indeed was desolate.

Life seemed absent in its every form—and I think it would have given my senses a pleasure to hear even

the hiss of the most venomous serpent in the grass which covered up our feet.

Three Houses—and the first house far the largest, an almost blank wall faced us. The stones were dark in color, but bare of any ornamentation in any shape. The doorway, which seemed to be the main entrance small, low and dismal, the few windows narrow and seemingly without glass, narrow slits with the most sinister look on them, so narrow that had it ever fallen there a sunbeam could scarcely creep through to lose itself. A more deserted looking prison house I had never seen before—not the least hint that bird, nor beast, nor mortal, were around or inside.

And, lo, above the mean doorway, right across the building carved in raised stones I read the letters forming the words:

The House of The Judgment of Sin.

The next house smaller but no brighter in appearance. The builders had left the rough edges on the dark stones, and the eyes could with a little touch of the imagination shape from their cruel jags and points the instruments of torture shaped once in ages long ago by the devilish inventive genius of men to torture men and women who differed from them.

And lo, it had an appearance of a body wasting away by decay and horrible pestilence—as if the house were a living thing suffering torture from the wasting away of flesh and bone and sinews—the thought

to be sure a hallucination of a brain not in its normal condition.

The windows seemed as if skulls laughed out at you, windows giving no light nor unveiling the gloom or whatever may be within. The doorway low and mean, the grasses grew close up to the door—showing, I was glad to think, not many visited that now seemingly desert charnal house.

No face, nor form, nor any living thing—and yet somehow it were as if my inner sense, my soul's ears, were filled with wails of bitter lamentations and despair proceeding from victims within which the outer sight of eyes may not see; no rustle nor sign of life from foundation stone to turreted roof.

And, lo, along the walls were letters formed as if from cross bones and I read:

The House of The Plagues.

And then the last house, or chamber, or dungeon or pit horrible—the worst name seemed too good, too pleasant for this mean, dingy, dark, dismal abode. It was very small—and had the appearance of some shrunken, wasted thing.

Only a fancy to be sure, and yet its shape to me of a huge famished vulture with drooping yet outspread wings—a stone vulture that had indeed a living—I had almost written—soul! And tho' of stone without a single window—and a doorway so low, so narrow that it would have taken a struggle for the smallest man to creep into. And as I looked I thought that

it is no stone house, look at the sharp and cruel beak standing for a doorway; see the eyes live as if they searched one's soul—a vampire to suck the blood of life.

It was the most gruesome object that ever **The King** permitted to exist.

I was glad to see nettles, I could not be mistaken in their shape, the first I had seen in all my wanderings before, I was glad to see tall nettles, and thick spear-headed grass grow so rank there around that doorway, that it must have been many, many years since any had entered at that ghastly doorway.

And right across the dark wall, or horrible vulture—the whichever it may be—scrawled the words:—

Tho House of Death.

I had seen enough—by far too much—I was faint. Ricardo was about to say something, give an explanation—but I could never live to hear it there—I cried out as one in dire distress:—

“Nay, nay, Ricardo,—not one word here! Oh, let us run and see God's Blessed sunshine—aye life—once more!”

We did not walk—we three ran as frightened children run from darkness and shadow of fear, ran to escape as if we could hear the rustle of foul wings behind us.

And soon I cried:—

“Thank God! we are in His presence once more!”

The Living World was around me. I was a very boy full of gladness; foolish in my joy; I laughed at the sun, at the sky, at the trees, at the flowers. And from my soul and spirit fell a darksome mantle. I felt the blood in my heart running warm once more.

And seated in the Square of The Houses of Life, at the fountain, the sunlight falling on us, the trees, the shrubs, the flowers laughing at us—telling us of The mercy of God, I heard this of Ricardo:—

“How sorrowful to know that Humanity, even in this Golden Age, has a stain of sin in Body, Soul and Spirit—and unless each person relies on The King’s Finished Work in Life, and Cross, and renewed by The Holy Spirit—he becomes a rebel, and, alas, in heart despises Jehovah. Now The Word says strictly: But the Sinner being an hundred years old shall be accursed.

“And it shall be, that whoso will not come up of all the families of the Earth unto Jerusalem to worship The King, Jehovah of Hosts, even upon them shall be no rain. And if the family of Egypt go not up, and come not that have no rain; There shall be **The Plague**, wherewith Jehovah will smite the heathen that come not up to keep the Feast of Tabernacles.”

CHAPTER XVI

*And who shall say, tho' sins forgiven,
There are no jeweled tears in heaven—
When past misdeeds led men astray?
The King will wipe such tears away!*

BUT attractive as The City was—my heart was set on seeing the most famous structure in the world—which Ricardo stated forever put to shame the greatest and most magnificent buildings ever conceived by brain of mortal men—For looking at the Sanctuary men in their hearts confessed—here was a structure which could not have been conceived by brain of man—and the wealth of the world could not furnish the materials composing such. For the precious stones in such vast proportions could not have been obtained had not The King created them as they were wanted for the Building. Ricardo's description set my soul on fire to see it with mine eyes. When therefore we turned our faces Northward going out of the gate of Judah—in fact the most costly and most magnificent gate of all, for was not one of **The King's** titles "The Lion of The Tribe of Judah"?

The roadway leading to the place of The Sanctuary was a very wide, stately, and imposing one. Night as well as day this highway never empty—the tread of the coming and the going constantly heard—immedi-

ately outside of The Gate of Judah mine eyes beheld the high cliffs which lifted the lofty tableland of the Levites' Portion above the surrounding country. As far as the eyes could see East and West ran the seeming precipitous tableland—the cliffs from the distance showed a mingling of rare colors—and the thought came, how is one to reach that elevated place, unless one went either to the Western or Eastern Extreme end? But the roadway ran sheer as it were to the foot of the cliffs—there were surely defiles where the tableland could be reached—and a generous pathway, for thousands every day wended their way to The Great Sanctuary fully 30 miles from the City of Jerusalem.

And on nearing the cliffs one could trace a wide stately roadway of easy grade winding up on the face of the rocks landing on the broad terrace above. But approaching a new wonder caught mine eye—at first I thought it a delusion of the eye—or perchance a place where the rocks had been worn smooth presenting as it were a magnificent waterfall. But a body of water of that size falling thousands of feet would naturally make a mighty roar—But within a mile of it it gave no sound—It is but a mirage, I said to myself—and turned away mine eyes to see fresh beauty, fresh delight for every step brought to view fresh effects of flowers and trees.

As so occupied by other things e'er I was aware the majesty of that sheet of water flooded my sight and senses. Verily a waterfall! And I now within a few

hundred feet of it, yet the only noise the hum of music soft and soothing to the ear. Falling in one unbroken sheet off the cliffs above—it was comparatively speaking almost noiseless in its dash—and when I stood by its banks expecting to see a wild tossing of waters like to that below the falls at Niagara—I was amazed at the tumult made. The depth of that pool where it fell must have been very deep—of most tremendous capacity—for the water came to the surface white but in no angry whirlpools—the secret of its noiseless fall as mysterious as its living animating beauty. And here the stream parted, one stream towards Jerusalem to make it like a well watered garden, then one towards the great sea: the other to the Dead Sea—Curing it of its ancient curse, making it a sea full of fishes, then on to the Desert changing the eastern sandy wastes to gardens of beauty and life—for wherever the River of Life went—Barren deserts and sterile places blossomed to trees, fruits, flowers and grasses. And here were hundreds admiring this wonderful waterfall—for the sheet of water was spanned by rainbows making it indeed a very glad sight to the eye.

And now I noticed what a broad majestic Roadway this winding round, turning on itself, the higher places right over the lower—so easy of grade that a child unaided could have walked up that Road and feel no fatigue. And indeed I saw no tired people anywhere. Every one I had seen were indeed healthy looking—no pallid faces—no shortness of breath, but all with

limbs strong, firm of tread; with rosy cheeks, bright eyes—the most contented happy looking groups everywhere. Upward on the winding road; and' as high, and still higher we went the vision of the plains below indeed surpassingly fair—the eyes reached now the entire city of Jerusalem—and a good stretch of the Cantonment of Benjamin lost in the South. The air was exceedingly clear, for it was not defiled with smoke of any kind, the eye therefore could see a vast distance very distinctly.

At last the top of the cliff reached—we were on the table land, and away to the North some twenty two miles away—one caught sight of four lofty towers, glistening precious stones, a high sharp spur of rock midway between the towers, and from the very top of the rock a curl of thin white smoke slowly ascending to a strangely beautiful bank or mass of clouds hanging motionless over the place—so I knew that tho' the dense mass of trees hid the body of the Sanctuary—still the four towers marked where Mount Zion stood, and that cloud—The Shekinah—the Resting place of Jehovah, the Royal Standard of **The King**.

I gazed from the top truly fascinated by the lower World of beauty. The voice of Ricardo rang on mine ears:

“How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob! and thy tabernacles, O Israel! As the valleys are they spread forth, as gardens by the river's side. As the trees of lignaloës, which **The Lord** hath planted, and as cedar trees beside the waters! **He** hath not beheld in-

iquity in Jacob, neither hath He seen perverseness in Israel: **The Lord His God** is with him, and the shout of a **King** is among them. Look upon Zion, the City of your solemnities: thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down; not one of the stakes thereof shall ever be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken. But there **The Glorious Lord** will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams."

The Ransomed of **The Lord** now returned, now come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy and Gladness and sorrow and sighing have fled away!" "Fulfilled! Fulfilled! Fulfilled!" I exclaimed—"I thank **Thee O Jehovah of Hosts** that mine eyes have beheld it—not one single promise made to Israel have failed—all Fulfilled—**O Redeemer King**, I thank **Thee!**" I was on my knees, my hands stretched out towards The Sanctuary—my every sense filled with indescribable joy—

And all the past came trooping to me—my half heartedness of by gone years—I arose to my feet—and over me came a flood of shame for unbelief of former years. I could see for long ages the indifference of The church to her King's command; then the further swinging of the pendulum to the very extreme; when the church with its wild madness dreamed that it could by its own effort (AND A LITTLE HELP FROM CHRIST) win the World for Him, and conquer Satan before The King came back—wild, foolish, mad,

delusive Dreams that could never be realized! And standing there contemplating the scene below me, I leaned over the stone balustrade which ran around the top of the cliff—and looked at Jerusalem spreading abroad, the red tile roofs peering out of the foliage, its stately avenues, its massive public buildings—my soul cried out—

“Blind! Blind! Blind!”

and unknowingly pressed my hands over mine eyes.

Ricardo stared, grasping my arm—

“What do you say,—Friend—What are you blind!”

I noticed the quick anxious tremor in his voice—

I quickly recovered myself.

“Forgive me, Ricardo! I was not talking of actual blindness—but of a long past blindness that lay on men and women’s mental and spiritual eyes, and have made them to err bitterly—and fatal to the times in which they lived—aye, a blindness worse than that of the eyes—for this blindness, I speak of, caused the church universal to stumble in its walk, bear a wrong testimony to poor Humanity, to whom God sent the Church, to be enlightened by her clear sighted ministry. This fatal spiritual Blindness the cause of a multitude of errors—a stone of stumbling and rock of offense to poor suffering, needy, starving almost naked Humanity. Gazing below, around, I see That God the Holy Spirit in revealing to men in former ages of The Christ in His precious Book—revealed the Coming Glories, Beauties, Joys, Gladness, Blessedness of

an Earthly Jerusalem—When The Leaders, The Powers, The Preachers, The Teacher of the Church spiritualized the whole matter—made Jerusalem a heavenly City. Now, now I see that had men been taught to take The Scriptures literally how different it would have been!—Yes, Ricardo—we have been selfishly, wickedly blind to the Holy Word!”

“My friend your confession is a common one. I have seen great men, Princes now among The Risen Saints, stand where you now stand, throw out their arms over this wall and cry—yes, cry bitter tears for their former blindness—but **The King** never left them sorrow long—for I have seen them suddenly lift up their heads and the light of the Glory of The King shone on their faces—they had the witness of forgiveness in their hearts—that **The King** had no hard thought against them for having mislead **His LITTLE ONES** in the years long ago.”

“But the misery of the Blindness is—that we had the knowledge then, that while we prated—“The Gospel, the full Gospel” we were only preaching a half Gospel. We kept back the larger Truth, that of the Salvation of God for the body as well as the Soul. There were millions of men and women in the world whose life made very bitter in the struggle for the pittance—the crust—that kept body and soul together. We preached, we taught, as if The Christ’s Death altogether a Redemption of The Soul—that the body mattered not—the body a paltry thing—full provision

for the Soul—plenty to eat and to drink spiritually, enough and to waste—thought **The King** utterly indifferent to the rags and tatters that half covered the body—to the mean food, and not enough of it at that. We preached—contentment to the poor man—be “contented in that place of life in which it hath pleased God to call you!” Yes, a hovel foul smelling, in a yard filled with corruption whose quintessence trickled into their wells and cisterns until they drank of fever, and rheumatism—and all manner of diseases, born in foul tenement houses, humanity herded like pigs, until the mortality was even an offense to devils—the toiler up before the dawn broke in the East—the foul scrap of meat almost putrid and more often no meat—the crust of hard bread, the chickory cursed coffee—the slop of tea—and then the toiler to sweat shops, to the marts, where the poor were oppressed, defrauded, every finer sense trampled out of their souls, the brutal language: —“Take this or starve!” The worse than slave burdens for the child that scarcely had tottered from the swaddling clothes of the cribs of straw called a cradle—the young maiden swallowed up by the bloodhound ever on the track of virtue, to rend, to tear, to trample on, to tread them down in the mire of the street, to make them an abhorrence to men and women. The men to have self respect kicked out of them by the brutal mills of Demand and Supply—O the bitter, bitter toil—and the reward—stagger home sick at soul to the foul smelling room—the unwholesome untoothsome bit of victuals their pittance could scarcely buy.

Lay down on rags and vermin infested straw, feel the drop, drop of the rain from the leaky roof—or the filthy water of the room overhead. Peaceful sleep—with a poor thin haggard wife trying to feed, a crying, whimpering baby from breast that had no nourishment—when half naked boys and girls whined in their sleep, for the hunger pangs, huddled promiscuously together like foul things smelling of the reeking gutter. And the man, the man who would have dared, and did dare, scorn, abuse, contempt of brutal employers—to win these little ones more bread, more rags, a better home—Oh! the pity of it! to have ministers sleek, fat, well dressed, representatives of **The Christ**—saying: “It is the will of God—your birth right—be contented with the mysterious workings of Providence! “These men made **The King** the master of Evil bitter things—it was **His** hand, the pierced hand who whipped them to their toil, starved them, arrayed them in rags—gave them a chamber of horror to dwell in! The will of God Humanity should suffer! The lie Damnable! The lie outrageous, Blasphemous, Devilish!

God had spread abroad a fruitful earth—plenty—plenty for all humanity—But man’s sins, man’s greed had kept humanity from its lawful rights!—O Ricardo! you have no conception of the bitterness of life for over half humanity in the olden time. Chilled in winter! Burned in summer! Half fed, and half clad, millions had never a day’s square food during the life time. And this God’s will!

O Ricardo! Ricardo!—We could not see—that God permitted such—but never willed it. Sin triumphant blasted and blighted, but sin we would! Men loved the ways of Cain—and shaking defiant hand at high heaven shrieked out:—

“I am not my brother’s keeper!”

So sin blighted and Greed fattened on humanity. But the word of God—declared sin should reign for only a season—The Tempter, The Destroyer, destroyed Himself—That God was ever gracious would freely pardon sin through the shed blood of **The King**—that in that reign of sin who e’er took **God** at **His** word—**The King** would surely bless—That they should be raised from the grave to be Priests and Kings on a regenerated Earth. That Earth should indeed be blest—and that **He** “would satisfy the Desire of every Living thing!”

But we Christians took the first part, preached it to men—and it was indeed most vital, most precious—but it was only half The Blessed Gospel of **The Christ**.

And poor men cuffed and smitten, feeling the pangs of the body, the stripes, the lashes of the whip of life—loathed this message for the Soul alone—felt that if **The Christ** had forgotten the Body—then they would have none of **His** soul cure. Why the liquor, the gin, the beer that gave them spirit, and life, and made them dead to their bitter pains, that lulled their misery, that gave them a little laughter—This Christ would fain take from their lips—the ministers called and unholy Draught!—Why not this Christ be half way fair?

Not one of His well dressed ministers but fawned to the rich, sat at their tables, drank of their wines—was liquor on a white spread holy, and liquor in a saloon unholy? Did a minister dare to preach hell directly to the Rich! Some of them mentioned hell in a broad—very wide indefinite sense—but did they dare stand before a rich man and cry: Drunkard, Thief, Adulterer, Liar! Nay all rich men, except a few most vicious, had a good time on Earth—and a better one above. But these ministers not afraid to stop any poor man and boldly to his face accuse The poor man of his wrong doing. They were not afraid to be brutally plain spoken to the poor, “to discharge their whole duty to the poor man’s face—directly, pointedly,” with the index finger so close to the poor man’s face—that he knew that he was indeed personally the man addressed—“Thou art the man!” fiercely hissed in his ear. Is it a wonder—the poor man hated such ministers—and, alas, hated their Christ!—

Did they preach a full Gospel to all?

Tell the rich they were as in need of a Saviour as the poor, that it was God’s will all human creatures should be well fed, well housed, well dressed. That God hated greed! that men and women, brothers, sisters—that no rich man for selfish gain should oppress the poor, should not rob the laborer of his hire, nor take advantage of his necessities to grind his face and heart, and soul, and manhood in the dust and embitter life by giving the smallest possible pittance. Had The Christ Ministers preached of a coming certain judg-

ment—That The Lord of Sabaoth's ears were ever open listening to the cry of the distressed, that His eyes were watching and reading the hearts of employers—and He would demand at the rich man's hands a full account of what had been kept back from the Laborer! The good things of Earth the Rich had stolen from the Poor.

And had these Ministers come to the Poor man—Telling him it was not **God's** will he should be homeless, naked, hungry—That **The Christ** was an elder Brother who loved him, who felt for him in all his pangs, his bitterness, his distress—That **He** was a most merciful Saviour forgiving sins—ready to cleanse, beautify if the man placed only simple reliance on **His** finished work—Redemption through **His** blood, the forgiveness of Sin, and that Sweet Peace, “the peace that passeth all understanding which the world could neither give nor take away”—was now a gift to be at once received—enjoyed, that Peace would fill his soul, his spirit, his heart, take the sting of oppression from him, take the bitterness of life from his lips—lift him above the daily frettings, cares, worries of life—and that he would ever know walking at his side The Crucified, to help, to strengthen, to lift the load, to rob the harsh word of its sting, and hold the blessed future ever to his eyes. The minister should have shown him from the Written Word That **The King** would soon come back! That tho' the poor man had died, and buried in a pauper's coffin, and potter's field—still that poor body crushed, and maimed, and

disfigured by toil, the football of poverty—should arise a beautiful Body—like to **The Christ's!** and should Reign and Rule with **The Christ** over a happy Humanity for ever more. That no general judgment of wicked and good together, no making a grand bonfire of the Earth—but a renewed Earth—a blessed Humanity—"The Earth filled with the Glory of the knowledge of The Lord as the Waters cover the great sea." The poor man who had accepted Christ in his days of misery—now Priest, King—blessed forever more."

Ricardo pressed my hand—

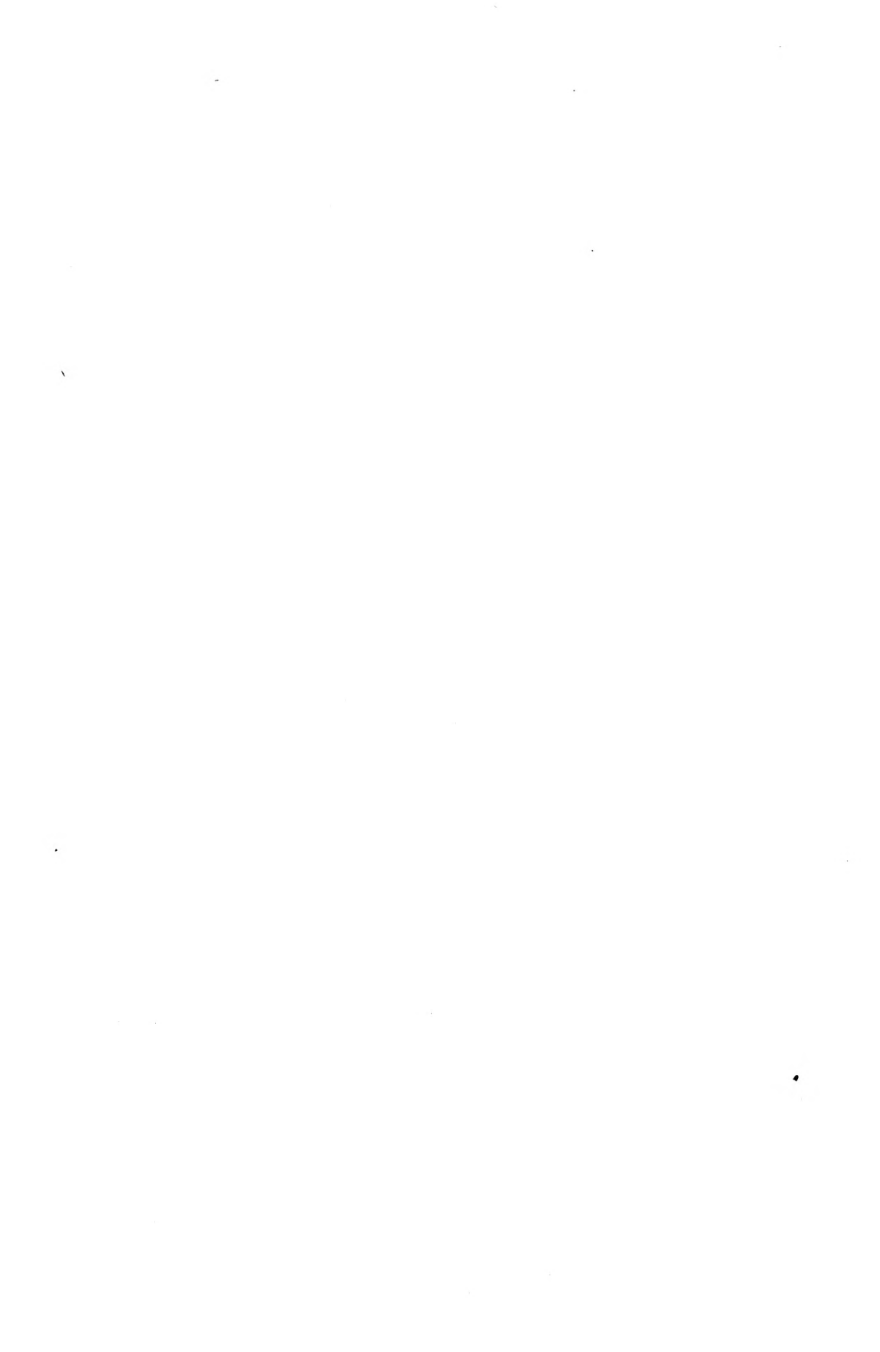
"I have never seen the poverty you describe—I have never seen a hungry, naked, homeless man in all my days—I think, however, I can like the faint shadows of a dream touch a little of the bitterness you describe. The fatal mistake of the Leaders of The Church in far off ages—They forgot God wanted in man a three fold person. The Godhead a Trinity—the Godhead wanted a three fold person to love Him. Man also despised the Beautiful Body God made for him, would be an angel—a spirit—misread God's desires, wishes, aim and end. Foolish desire of man to be a spirit alone—had **God** wanted only angels, spirits, He could have with a word filled the universe with them without entailing on **The Christ** the tremendous sufferings **He** had to undergo—Nay, the flesh, the body of men and women just as precious in God's eyes as the soul, the spirit. It was **His** wish a redeemed body should

serve Him—and such will serve Him through all the ages of eternity—linking with soul and spirit.”

The roadway leading towards the Sanctuary bordered with stately Palm trees—making an avenue of rare delight to behold. All the way at both sides stretched flower beds, gardens of the highest culture, in the beds may be found flowers of the tropical, semi-tropical and temperate zones in full perfection of beauty. Resting places, rose and lily covered bowers with easy seats where one may talk with friend or stranger. But the air so reviving, our spirits so bouyant, full of energy, our feet felt not the fatigue that the many miles we had covered would warrant. Something in the atmosphere dispelled thought of languor or weariness. The fresh beauties that came ever more at every footstep lured us on as if a magic cord were hurrying us along. We soon entered The Possessions of The Levites—Parks, Gardens, Hills, Dales, Valleys, Heights, dotted every where with dwelling houses—except a small vegetable patch here and here, some pet hobby of the owner—the whole stretch given over to flowers, gardens and parks. No grain fields, no cultivated farms. Pasture lots where sleek cows stood knee deep in luxuriant grass.

We turned from the broad high way (that run straight as an arrow from the gate of Judah to the Sanctuary) to another roadway that lay along the Beautiful River of Life. So calm, majestic, full to the banks, the trees; the grasses, the flowers bending down to kiss the life imparting water. No unsightly gullies,

no broken banks showing the yellow clay—no decaying timber—but a stream with banks which loving hands constantly tended and made wholly clean. That was a walk—the voice, the happy voice of the human sounding in height, and hollow, and level. The happy laugh of men and women, of youth and maiden, of children. Ah, a paradise indeed—fair above, fair below, joy in every human voice, joy in every song of bird, joy in every tree, in flower, in grass—all full of life—the very stones beneath our feet seemed to pulsate with a happy life. And now we were nearing The Sanctuary—my heart was like a fluttering bird, my spirit stood a tip toe eager to behold it. I was a happy child. I had no care, no sorrow, no anxiety, all a perfect peace, all atremble as it were with expectation—but not with the old time nervousness—but in an ecstasy of pleasure, a man with the happy longings of a boy expecting joy.



CHAPTER XVII

THE HOUSE OF PRAISE

*Not here a sermon, prayer, address,
But House of Praise where all confess
Christ's Finished work alone could Bless.*

NOW at some distance from it I carefully kept mine eyes from watching each of the outlines—the prominent features—that would naturally be seen as I approached nearer. I wanted to see it as a whole—to have it burst on my vision at once—a thing of rapturous beauty, for Ricardo had often said, “It was the most Beautiful Building in the world—a building planned and carried out under the supervision of The Great King Himself.” I therefore would not look up to see the immense towers that could be seen miles and miles away. The Broadway which led to it was well filled by happy parties—some like ourselves going to; other returning, a rapt satisfied look on each face—a beautiful silence mostly on the face, which comes over a face when one has seen a beloved one, talked with them, and then happy at heart comes away, the beloved voice still in the ear, the words of the beloved which one treasured in the heart as they fell from beloved lips—thoughts, words; that you now bring up from their nestling place in

your heart—you meditated on them—they are so fair to the inward eyes, so sweet to the lips to con them o'er and o'er—and in this mood you want to walk alone as it were—unvexed by another's tongue, to bring out all your secret treasures which you would feast your eyes on without interruption. They had seen—and if they wanted to, they had spoken to The King! That matchless condescension on the part of The Creator of The Universe was surely a source of infinite joy to every human heart that loved Him.

Thus I watched the crowds—could well tell the Nationality of each, for when the King came back the radical change in human nature was the heart, the will, the effections—not the dress, the manners, the customs. The change of the nation was the turning of the mind to The King—the casting away of every false religion from mind, from thought, from act—all olden idolatry, superstition, demonology gone—and the perfect worship of The King alone allowed, alone supreme over all the earth. But The King in gracious goodness did not in any manner insist on change in manner, and modes of dress. In fact National traits still strong in features, dress and outward manner.

So one here saw—Japanese and Chinamen in their rich flowing silken robes; saw the representatives of the vast population of India with their white turbans and clean white thin clothing, but now no larger with only waist strips for a covering. All decent and in order; but one may see there an Arab dressed as

Arab still—except that their women still swarthy, richly dressed, gold rings on ankles, in ears, on their arms walked with unveiled faces. The Spaniard there; the light hearted more polite than ever Frenchman; the sturdy, stolid Dutch; the ponderous German; the dark haired races of the South. The bronze colored African—for now the darker colors had disappeared—and to the children of Ham was once more restored the bronze beauty of their mighty forefathers. The woolly hair, the thick lips had vanished—**The King** had heard the cry of the Ethiopians—had lifted the curse pronounced by Noah—and now they were indeed a noble looking Race—stalwart, mighty men, handsome, bright of wit, sunny in character—producing some of the sweetest and rarest of Earth's singers—a Wonderful Saviour surely had **The King** proved to the dark Races of The Earth—populating once, “the dark places of the Earth full of the habitation of cruelty.”

And there our Anglo Saxon—no longer domineering, the lust of conquest in his eyes, the daring bravery of heart and hand that would not own defeat—with the ambition to have the Nations of the Earth own them as Lords and Masters. But now their foolish, wild, mad, drunken dream was over, they wondered now how could their forefathers, with **The King's** Revelation in the Book in their hands, have ignored the place of the chosen nation, now acknowledged by all nations to be the Supreme Rulers of the World under the Rule of **The King**. I saw them all—and

all in friendly intercourse, here the owner of the whitest face linked arm and arm with a son of Ham. The different Nationalities seemed to fade from every mind—Brotherhood of man now a fact—not a theory—a dream? no, but an unquestionable reality—**The King** had settled The Race question forever—no one discussed such now, The Coming of **The King** had settled the vexed questions forever—Love had been the simple solution of problems over which the World had raved and stormed for thousands of years. But it was Love with Infinite Wisdom, and all powerful miraculous majesty behind it—**The King** only could lift the Satanic veil on human eyes and give the true Light. I turned swiftly and lifted up mine eyes:

And there it stood!

A Love Thought of **The King** that bloomed to reality in Jewels and Precious stones of inestimable value.

Well did the Shepherd King of Israel sing in rapturous reverie:

“Walk about Zion and go around about her: tell the towers thereof, Mark ye well her bulwark, consider her Palaces!” Before me stood a vast Building fully a mile in length. In fact a building four square facing the cardinal points, each side a mile from end to end. At every corner an immense tower—therefore four towers. Now the North side before which we stood was pierced by twelve doorways—each exactly alike in every detail—in length, breadth, height, material, ornamentation to the smallest minutia. The

outside wall that ran along the Building (Pierced at equal intervals by the eleven doorways) was twelve feet high and twelve feet in thickness—this wall resting on a sapphire foundation. The Wall built with wonderful colored stones. Each Gateway was built of Carbuncles, twenty six feet high, two doors to the gate each twenty feet wide, each door two leaves, one for exit the other for entrance.

The depth of the gateway going to the inside of the building one hundred feet—and at either side at equal distances from each other sprang up immense columns, of palm tree appearance, each of the eight columns along the passage one hundred and twenty five feet high. From top of column to top of column sprang arches 50 feet from column to column—therefore four arches over each gateway making a kind of open roof. Between each gateway sprang columns every 50 feet from center to center and from top of one column to top of the other sprang arches, so that from corner tower to corner tower a long row of exquisitely carved columns crowned by graceful arches—producing a most magnificent outline of grace and beauty—the spaces between the outside columns covered and shut in by a lattice work of agate stone. Each of the four corner towers was four hundred and eighty feet high and three hundred and sixty feet square at the base. Colossal towers, but still seeming light, airy with chambers over chamber, the windows of agates, the towers built up with precious stones of radiant colors.

And over the whole a most wonderful light—shin-

ing soft and clear from the Home of the Saints overhead, so that it was lighted entirely by a light independent of the sun, moon and stars—with the wonderful property that night and day the light was steady, unchangeable, and never a shadow in the entire structure—nothing in that house to denote the changing hours, nothing to indicate that in the outer world it was either night or day. It was a perpetual noon, and never a shadow in any part of the Sanctuary visible to the human eye.

And, lo, a most wonderful flow of water, running along the side of the building so that it was impossible for one to enter without going through the water. Under each gateway came forth clear sparkling water without a shadow of impurity. Each of the eleven streams met at a certain distance from the building and in one stream flowed southward. We passed through the stream, the water came to our ankles so that every foot was cleaned from any impurity, from dust, and made indeed a most refreshing feeling to the feet. Outside of each door two at each side were four large slaughtering blocks where the animals for food and sacrifice were slaughtered. The entrance was reached by seven steps, I noticed each step a solid slab of sapphire—unworn a hairsbreadth by the millions of feet that had gone up those steps. The floorway inside the gateway sapphire. I noticed one door for those passing out, the other for those going in. Inside the door, the hall way, if we may call it so, divided by a low partition so that you could not pass from side to

side. Ricardo told me the law of the house was very strict on this point—one entering in at the North to the inside of the Building could not return but must go out at the South end. This to preserve order, and have no unseemingly confusion—It was imperative to one and all. At the doorway we were met by The Levites, dressed in linen garments, who smilingly bid us welcome. They knew Ricardo well, and the meeting was a very hearty one indeed. One, noticing my outer garments rather soiled, took me to a little closet, of which there were several along the side, and taking off the soiled one, put on me a linen garment, and brought me back to where Ricardo stood waiting.

“Thou knowest Ricardo where to go—your friend will have a good guide.” Then turning to me, “Otherwise I would go with thee to show thee thy heart’s desire. May **The King’s** peace go with thee.” Thus dismissed, arm and arm, we went forward. I noticed the depth of this building one hundred feet, then, lo, we stood facing another row of buildings similar in every particular to that shown by the front of the building. Now on the inner side of the outer building a stately porch running the entire length of the building. The two buildings stood two hundred feet apart—along the face of the inner building ran a porch, a covered colonnade. The Court between the two buildings, one mile in length and near two hundred feet wide stood uncovered open to the sky. Now I noticed that each building had three stories, or gallery chambers—Now between gateway and gateways

were chambers each fifty feet long, fifty feet high and thirty one feet wide. Such chambers airy, lightsome, with carved work on sides and ceilings of exquisite design. And these chambers were well filled by crowds of smiling faced happy, contented mortals, no strangers—all brothers and sisters, none neglected. The merry laugh, the happy words, the animated features—surely a delightful company to see. And upward chamber above chamber, at the upper one a rare sight came to me. They were banquet chambers and here chamber after chamber filled with guests—served by the Levites—with fresh sweet bread, the finest of meat, the rarest of wines, the ripest of grapes—For **The King** kept open banquet hall night and day, the table ever spread, for no hungry person could meet **The King**, and no hungry person ever went from His door. It was verily what the Prophet foretold three thousand years before “A feast of fat things.”

Then he brought me to one of the great corner towers—and, lo, it was there in the truly magnificent kitchens the Levites baked the bread, and boiled the meats which were placed before **The King's** guests. Mighty kitchens surely when at the four towers food for a million souls could be readily prepared, for during the Feast of Tabernacles millions were fed at **The King's** tables.

Passing through one of the gateways of the inside building we suddenly came face to face to another row of circular buildings. “How beautiful! How beauti-

ful!" I exclaimed standing before the new wonder in rapturous delight.

Behold a structure two hundred feet high of several stories two hundred feet in length, two hundred feet in depth. And then thirty of such structures, each standing separately a covered way between each—forming a mighty circle of three miles in circumference. The building before us had a raised floor, steps going upward, now on one side stood a mighty column on which the various stories were carried and arch roof rested—on the other side the carved figure of a cherubim each cherubim two faces—one the face of a young man, the other the face of a young lion. So going up one flight of steps a lion's face on one side a column on the other, the next flight of steps a man's face on one side and a column on the other. There were no entrances at the sides, one could not pass from house to house without coming to the front of the building. Inside were spacious lofty chambers and, lo, they opened to the inner circle of all. And there was seen a spot open to the sky—a holy place where no human footstep trod once the place had been finished and blessed by the constant presence of Jehovah. For these thirty circular buildings surround Mount Zion whose peak rose high above all the buildings. And, lo, on the top of Mount Zion an altar place, and above the altar place The Cloud of The Glory of Jehovah. Ever rested there, a cloud by day, and a flaming cloud of Glory by night. Now the top of Mount Zion had been formed so as to be flat topped

—on which was built an altar called The Lion of God, on which altar every day was burned a sacrifice. Around about the raised altar a place where The Sons of Zadok (Risen Saints) tended the sacrifices. At each of the four corners of the Altar were horns and from these gushed water flowing down the hewn pathway which led up to the altar from the ground below. This water ran under the buildings then came out from under each threshold of the gateways forming outside a veritable river of Life, flowing down the sanctuary place, watering Jerusalem—a stream to heal the waters on the Dead sea, a stream on whose banks grew the trees whose fruits changed every month and whose “leaves were for the healing of the nations.” Now while the Levites slew, prepared and made ready the sacrifices they were not permitted to enter in the Holy of Holies and put the sacrifices on the altar—

“And The Levites that are gone away far from Me, when Israel went astray, which went astray from Me after their idols; they shall even bear their iniquity. Yet they shall be Ministers in My Sanctuary, having charge at the gates of the house; they shall slay the burnt offering and the sacrifice for the people, and they shall stand before them to minister unto them. Because they ministered unto them before their idols, and caused the house of Israel to fall into iniquity; therefore have I lifted up Mine hand against them, saith The Lord God, and they shall bear their iniquity. And they shall not come near unto Me, to do the office of a priest unto Me, nor to come near to any of My

holy things, in the most holy place ; but they shall bear their shame, and their abominations which they have committed ; But I will make them keepers of the charge of the house, for all the service thereof, and for all that shall be done therein."

CHAPTER XVIII

THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES

*Peace, Plenty, Joy for everything
When Jesus Christ is Lord and King.*

LO, The Feast of Tabernacles!
A universal holiday time—From Sea to Sea to the uttermost bounds of the Earth a cessation of active labor—The providing of food alone the labor performed—and that to minimum—for fruits plentiful—and no drudgery allowed. Booths of fresh branches made a shelter—a home—for that interval for every family “the world round”. The streets of Cities, towns, villages full of cool green resting places. A universal joy—for not a cry of distress, lamentation nor woe! Plenty—pressed down—running over the bin, the vat, the store room. All comfortably clad—nothing shabby, mean nor scanty. Not a house all over the broad earth had a case of sickness. Perfect health—in heart and brain and limb. Songs of Praise the world over from all nations, and peoples, and tongues. A glad time for children, for boys, for girls, for youths, for maidens, for men, for women, for the aged grey haired sire and mother—no break in the family circle, not a face to be mourned for as vanished ever more. And such public gatherings—and

one marked contrast to christian gatherings of the long ago—the almost utter absence of prayer—there was one general confession of sin—a prayer for help, guidance, and keeping from sin, but that once made—no further wrestling, crying, nor appealing. The faith of Christ triumphant—every creature under Heaven had heard the Gospel of Good News—a free Redemption through the Blood and Offering once made by **The King** to take away sin, simply trusting in the Blood and Merits of The Christ brought forgiveness, acceptance and fellowship with the Eternal God. Therefore the revival meeting days passed away. There was to all men's sight—A Risen Saviour, a Kind Brother, A creative Universal King! whose wish or nod—changed continents, brought forth Islands from the depth of the sea, dried up Rivers, made fountains in sandy desert, waters, changed currents, Oceans, streams—made mountains rise gloriously, and disappear at will, made broad valleys, fair savannahs, mighty prairies—constantly showing His creative Power and Imperial fiat! Therefore while some hardness of heart, and some secret fear of **The King**—no open rebellion, for such crushed out immediately. But as a whole, a heart allegiance to **The King**—who with His magnificent bounty opened “wide His hands to satisfy the Desire of every living thing.”

Then what had mortals to pray for—nay, the service now Praise by lip and musical instrument. And in the great halls provided for Praise in every City, town, village hamlet—the singers and Players of all

musical instruments lead the services. Eloquence there to show men and women how much they owed to **The King** for His Divine Graciousness.

Then, see over all the earth eight days of universal cessation from Labor; Universal singing and Praising—And not a Kingdom, nor country, nor City, nor town, nor district that did not send a credited representative to the Great Feast at Jerusalem or present themselves to give homage to The Great King. And people went of their own good will—for to all was the invitation given—all made equally welcome there. But it was obligatory from all districts throughout the universe to choose men, representative men every year to send with them greetings to the Capital to show their love, esteem, submission and thankfulness to **The King**.

At Jerusalem The Blessed Joy reigned Supreme.

The Feast of Tabernacles in the Holy City and at the Sanctuary the Greatest of all the feasts of the year.

Jerusalem then filled and ran over—the surrounding country taxed to the full capacity—but there was no overcrowding. No matter how many million came there was always ample provision of good things to eat—and as to a lodging place, under the blue sky the woods, and vales, gave bed chambers—for one could sleep in the woods without fear of any sickness. But Love, and Loving order reigned supreme—and it was wonderful how much inconvenience Love can suffer and yet be sweet. A grand equality reigned in every

heart—in love each preferring the other, society's vexed question of precedence was fully solved. And from childhood men and women trained to have love reign in their thoughts—That Royal Law of Christ the standard which all sought to attain—"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you!"—This simple rule solved the questions which were vexed problems to the olden age—the great rock of Selfishness on which more people made shipwreck than on any other sin—causing such shame, sorrow, misery and bitterness to humanity, was, by this rule hurled from its place in the human heart—buried in the depths of Love Eternal.

So millions came to Jerusalem.

From North, from South, from East from West—humanity from every zone gathered here—not for gain, not for selfish pursuits, simply to behold and see—**The King** in His Beauty!

By Rail from the Orient from China, India, Siberia and from the vast stretches of central Asia—from the Occident—France, Spain, Italy, Norway, Russia and the Central countries of Europe. By the sea from America, Australia, Africa, Greenland, and from the far off islands of the seas. The great ships of commerce were one and all for weeks and weeks engaged in bringing this happy, laughing, care free tribute of Humanity to the feet of **The King**.

Ah, such a holiday—no anxious thought, no troubled thought of fear of danger blighted the hearts of those that left their homes, nor of those who staid at home. One left his business, his family—all that

makes life sweet for a time behind him—set out, knowing well when he returned he would find all things as he left them. No death, no sickness, sorrow, nor care would cross the threshold of that home during his absence. His business life would not suffer, no dishonest official would rob or steal, no rival would rob him of his customers, no opponent try to blight his business career. And if he goes a clerk, a hired man he knew full well he could feel confident his master would not declare his place vacant, hire another in his absence—the employment still his on his return. And with this thought in every heart, and mind, and soul the millions who entered Jerusalem gave themselves up entirely to enjoy, to their utmost capacity, the Royal cheer of every kind provided by THE KING, without money and without price—for this the great rule of The Feast—Not a single guest entering Jerusalem forced to pay a single penny for accommodations. An open table spread—of meat, and wine, and bread—and none to say them nay, to those who could not pay. The bounty of **The King** His free will offering to all of Human kind; and here may all men find a loving heart and hand, one that could understand the secret of their soul, and Love's supreme control. And bitter jarrings cease, Love give them perfect peace. So to the Feast they came with glad hearts, smiling faces, sparkling eyes, without the shadow of a single care upon their souls.

And singing—ah, such singing from dawn to midnight chimes. Such groups of maidens and youths,

bands, hand in hand, singing gay carrols—and merry love songs—songs of cheer, songs of gladness—and all without a jar, no burst of vanity, not a heartache. Wit, gay bright debonair—wit with unconsciousness of a wrong—wit without a sting—wit given in such a manner that the object of the shaft had no pangs to hear of it.

CHAPTER XIX

*The Feast of Tabernacle now
Brings laughter, sweetness to each brow,
For it the greatest Joy will bring—
The Whoso Will—can see The King.*

FOR several days before the Feast—the woods around Jerusalem were filled with merry throngs, cutting branches from Olive, Pine, Myrtle, Palm, and from thick trees and bringing them to the City. The young folks made quite a festival over the first booths erected for the year. A band of stalwart youths, each with a maiden, had gone up to the woods and selected the fairest, best and thickest boughs and branches. When each of the youths had cut the best branch obtainable, or that which suited the fancy, and the maidens each secured a branch, two by two, a maiden and a youth, branches on shoulders they faced City wards. Before went two, not bearing branches, but with pipes made from reeds, making a soft melody, and playing the air of a song which all the maidens sang—and then the refrain caught up by all, until every voice—male and female—swelled out lustily and bravely. Down the City street they came, the people on each side of the street watching, smiling, and saluting them. In the large square in the center of the City, the young people soon were erecting a spa-

cious booth, the youths did the building—the maidens did the decorations. The places all round crowded with happy people—men, women, boys and girls—and surely all had a merry time. For Love in every heart—and all the deeds, actions, and words sprang from gentle souls who would do no evil deed.

Soon the entire city alive, along the broad streets booths sprang up. Before every private house, either in garden before the house, or in the street immediately before, the dwellers were busy making and shaping the cool arbors—and when finished the streets of the city were indeed a very fair sight to see.

And to accommodate the many strangers the place of The Levites also invaded, the builders working merrily in lawns, fields and pastures so that every one in Jerusalem, and all the strangers who would come to the Feast could live and sleep in booths for the seven days.

And in the Sanctuary great preparation made to feed the millions with at least one meal every day of the feast. The loaves of bread were piled up uncounted—all made from the finest wheat of the land. The great vats of wine filled to their capacity; the meat cooked and kept in the cool larders, may well astonish the gaze,—the best meat, the best bread, the best wine obtainable, for when **The King** spreads a banquet it was of right, royal cheer. The presents brought by the twelve tribes for **The King's** table indeed ample ones—all the pasture places which lay between The Levites Portion and the great sea—held

immense herds of kine, and flocks from Kedar and rams of Nebaioth—presents brought by the grateful hearts of Israel for the service of **The King**. And there also the immense store houses where the grain, and oil, and wine stored all free will offerings to **The King**.

So surely The Levites were busy (and happy in the service) for the two outer range of buildings on the Western side of the Sanctuary had ample room to serve a half million people at one time.

And some conception of the number of Levites may be formed by the fact, as well expressed by another writer, "If 444 dining halls are provided for the servants who attend upon the guests, how vast must the multitudes be who sit down to feast in the other part of The Temple!"

Ricardo was delighted to take me everywhere allowable. To be sure the Eastern wing of The Sanctuary closed six days in the week—only opened on certain days. Opened every Sabbath day and in the days of the new moon. One could enter from the South and pass freely along the Western wings going out at the North gate—free admittance to all chambers and cells, except the Eastern wing, and the twenty chambers set apart for private use of The Levites. If one entered at the North gate then he must need go out at the South gate and vice-a-versa.

I noticed that on the day before the feast, more Saints in the Sanctuary than before, going there and here on business relating to the festival. One and all

seemed to know Ricardo well, so that I had the pleasure of speaking to Risen Saints whose names I had read in The Word when a boy—of men of whom my mother told me when as a boy I stood leaning on her lap, looking up, in her dear eyes. Men of the olden time men before the flood—aye, I saw Adam and by his side walked Eve—the two of splendid mien but such tender loving eyes—aye, they stood higher than the men and women around them—now surely in their glorified bodies looking as King and Queen—well worth to be the Father and Mother of us all. And by Eve, her hand clasping his, I beheld the first martyr—of youthful, most beautiful winsome face, a perfect form of one just budding into a perfect manhood. So tender voiced, such a rare sweet smile on his face: surely such a companion the most lovable. Then Joseph—what stately dignity—but with the most affable tenderness in voice and eye—by his side a very fair faced Egyptian looking woman. What a thrill of pleasure it gave to clasp the hand of Isaiah—such eyes that sparkled, and blazed with colors that seemed to change with the thoughts that came and went—in that wonderful brain. How gracious the condescension to all, a man of the sweetest manner—you were at ease after conversing with him a few minutes. And a well beloved man—for his steps were even followed by The Risen Saints, who in their former life on earth rapturously loved and treasured his words as more precious than gold and silver—for what saint that had not loved to read and ponder over the words that

speak of the sufferings of **The King**—The Lamb who bore our sins and died to save us.

And then Ezekiel—the man who some three thousand years before a stone of this Sanctuary was built—had beheld it, given its dimensions and told of its glory. And now by his side the tender, delicate girl wife, “the desire of thine eyes”—the beautiful woman who had been made by Jehovah a sign to the people of Israel—whose death the broken hearted husband was not allowed to mourn. But now inseparable, when visiting the earth always together—the lofty oak the trailing vine. How his eyes followed every detail of the Sanctuary—and as his eyes caught the shaft, or that door, or that passage way, a look of recognition passed over his grand face—the vision of the long ago had blossomed to Reality.

I had not seen the Patriarchs, nor King David, nor as yet a single one of the Apostles—but how my heart beat, and every nerve of my body trembled when Ricardo’s words fell on my ears:—

“Tomorrow, O Friend, all thy longings shall be satisfied for thou shalt see **The King** in His beauty tomorrow—aye, **The King** Himself in His simplicity of Majesty and Glory! And with Him the men of old time—men of renown! The noble ones of the Earth in God’s sight, though laughed at, hated and persecuted by the former great ones of the Earth. Aye, thou shalt see Moses, and David and Daniel the Beloved, and the mighty Prince Peter the head of the Church under **The King**—and also John the Disciple

whom The Lord Jesus loved—but time would fail to tell of “The Princes of the Blood Royal” who tomorrow will attend—a retinue to **The Prince of The Kings of the Earth.**”

“But come tired nature must be rested, come out and under the trees, on the grass, thou shalt find a place of rest for a few hours—then I shall wake you to behold a scene that thy heart, and soul, will rejoice to see!”

“What, O Ricardo!”

“Nay, I tell thee not—thou art getting nervous, jaded now, thou hast seen too much today—and I promise thee that the needed rest shall not rob thee of a single glimpse of this pleasure to be—when I shall bid thee rise!”

I knew that Ricardo had spoken truly—surely I wanted rest, we went outside The Sanctuary in a place in the deep, sweet grass by the stream of life, its low hum a music in mine ears, I laid down—and quickly fell asleep!

“Arise, O friend of mine, arise—the hour has come. Look thou and behold the sight truly wonderful!”

I was up at his side quickly—and I stood gazing up to the sky in amazement and speechless at that vision of Glory.

The Heaven above seemed opening—I beheld an array of moving light—I heard in mine ears the first low vibration of a music most ravishing. That array—that mass of solid white light came nearer and still

nearer—and the mass stood out until a mass no longer, but thousands of beings coming towards the earth—towards the Portion called the Most Holy.

And thousands, and thousands, and thousands, I could not count them, but as an army—keeping perfect order, phalanx after phalanx, rank after rank, a perfect rhythm of steps—without a jar, a break, a falter—came that wonderful One hundred and forty four thousand—every one with a harp in hand. Robed in spotless white. The sound of their harping and singing filled the sky, the earth—such pulsations of music—sounding like the murmurings of many waters.

I could see them descending—to earth on the portion of The Prince—the foliage soon hid them from my sight, but their melody still kept thrilling the air, and filling with rapturous delight. And still the ranks descending—in different groups—they observed some special order—a great high way from The City of **The King** above to the Earthly Resting Place of the saints. A vast array—a glorious company, a throng the numbers of which the eye may not count.

Ah, cried my heart—

“Where is The King, Where is The King!”

But Ricardo answered not—he stood entranced, with ear bent intent on that melody—I saw his fingers nervously handling his reed—was he storing some of the strains in his brain to repeat at some later time? But Ricardo, and all other things were but of minor importance now.

The Glory in the sky held every other thought in check. Words are foolish indeed, in vain, inadequate to tell of what mine eyes beheld. I knew that Glory, **The King** Himself. I gazed—how long I could not tell—Time and the keeping of time had vanished—Hearing entranced, eyes chained to that array of the Retinue of The King. I stood there—and could only see and listen.

CHAPTER XX

*To see Him in the Flesh and know
The Pierced Feet walks here below;
Wreathed with smiles each earthly thing
Because the world can see its King!*

AND so the morning came.
The crowds that now gathered around and in the Sanctuary must be reckoned by the millions. But no rush, crush, nor jamming of excited multitudes. A sweet condescension ruled the action of all the visitors—The precedent of place given to those who had never beheld the festival before—so that the best position, the best point of vantage of view, the best seats in which to watch details freely given to the strangers within the gates.

The procession of **The King** with His retinue from The Sacred Enclosure to the Sanctuary the event of the day. The entrance by the East side.

Early in the morning the gates had been thrown open by The Levites of the Gate as their brethren were busy in giving the finishing touches to the vast hall where stood The Throne Royal—and where the Kings, Princes, and Governors of the entire Globe came before **The King** to do Him homage.

The morning was still young—a wonderful fresh, bright morning—It seemed as if nature had striven

to put on the best of garments to greet **The King** who had visited her borders. Sang the River of Life ever so sweetly, musically, glad before as it flowed in stately sweep on its mission of fruitfulness and joy? Carolled the song birds ever with such a rapt entralling melody before? Were trees ever so stately in appearance, their leaves so green, the palm trees ever so majestic, the trees of fruit ever so rich in lusciousness of gifts, and did grasses ever make such a rich carpet to the tread of humanity? And flowers, flowers, flowers put on their best holiday colors, and opened wide their petals sending forth their most exquisite perfume throwing wide their hearts so that the treasured scents may be revealed—showing their happiness at a visit from their **Creative King**.

And when the revealing minute came—there was a profound and mighty silence over the many millions. A happy hearted awe and reverence filled every soul, and even the wee floweretts, the almost pin head floweretts whose tiny petals painted in more rarely exquisite color than ever glistened on most famous painter palette—these fly eye floweretts who ever hid beneath their mother leaves as if afraid to see the eye of humanity—even these now suddenly became stately in their modesty as if a new strength given them, so that they put up their tiny souls that they too may catch a share of the beneficence of the smile added to the wealth of the world by the presence and the Coming of **The King**.

And now every eye was turned to the North—to the

Sacred Portion from whence would come The King. Suddenly on the ear stole the soft far away music of harps—Expectancy stood on tip toe—every ear bent to hear—every eye turned towards the very, broad avenue up which would come **The King's** retinue. The music waxed more clear, more distinct, and such music as this—no music of earth could be compared to this. At last the white lines glistened far away amid the trees—near and still nearer until the first cohort came full to view. Clad in white garments, with sandals on feet, with chaplets of white pearls circling every head the Harpers abreast in wide ranks, playing and singing came on. So true to note, it sometimes seemed as only one harp was struck—and only one sonorous voice filling all the spaces with rapturous melody. Of old I had read of the Harpers, one hundred and forty four thousand who stood with The Lamb on Mount Zion—and often heard of “Mystical numbers,” and scores of other explanations, it would seem it never entered the brain of the spiritualizing commentators—that one hundred and forty four thousand were actually that number no more, no less, and that they were just as described by the Beloved Disciple: One hundred and forty four thousand chosen for a special purpose from the children of men, redeemed from the earth, youths undefiled by touch of women, who had never been married, redeemed as first fruits unto God and the Lamb, whose mouths were never desecrated by guile, now standing without fault constantly attending **The King** when ever He went through His

vast universe to receive homage, a royal guard of Honor, special chosen companions who sang a New Song, and no other human tongue could sing that Song.

In Eld men cavilled—"To vast a retinue of Singers:" But now one saw that the magnificence of the Kingly display demanded such, and when one realized the Power and Majesty of The Imperial Christ the number, tho' vast to the narrow mind of man, shrank to the common place when The King's Glory fully apprehended.

On came the Harpers, every footstep in unison keeping time to the melody. They entered the Central Gateway of the Eastern Side of The Sanctuary and on to the places appointed for them. And as the last of them seen by the watchers then came to view a host of stately men, the dresses blazoned all over with precious stones. At the head of all walked a most princely looking man (at either side a man—one, a youth I had seen his face before, Abel the first Martyr—and at the other side walked a man also, stately, somewhat of the same age) Adam and with him his two sons Abel and Seth. Then followed a long array of grand looking men—above the common height—I heard men say: "The Saints before the flood." Then a space and came a stately figure—a solitary man—and behind him three stalwart men, Noah and his three sons. The others unknown until came three men—abreast—The Central figure superbly dressed with wonderful precious stones—a man of lofty mien, yet winsome eyed, Abraham! and on one side Isaac—on

the other side Jacob! Then twelve men—the first three, Judah, Joseph, Ruben—the twelve sons of Jacob—Princes all! great men—with sparkling gems of rare brilliancy. Then the next noticeable figure—alone—solitary—of lofty statue, commanding presence, a very “Noticeable” man indeed, at the sight of him ran a murmur from lip to lip—but e’er the name came to me I had divined the name—Moses! And there, close behind, two other men of commanding mien, the look of men who once commanded men in their manner, Joshua and Caleb.

But time would fail to tell of those who came—some well known men—others who lived, did God’s mission, passed away from earth’s places unknown but to the few, soon forgotten by all except **The King** who remembered all His jewels, losing none of them, but raised them from among the dead, that they may indeed see **The One** their heart in their earthly pilgrimage had called out for—The Deliverer, The Christ!

And then low from lip to lip—the murmur ran—“Our Shepherd King!”

Two men came on together, locked lovingly arm in arm—one a rather small sized man. Now he was ruddy, fair of eyes, a beautiful countenance and goodly to look on. Dressed in garments equally as rich as his companion—save that he wore on his brow a wreath as of palm leaves encrusted with very precious stones. The loved companion a very tall, stately man, a most pleasing face—and brave true eyes showing the beau-

tiful soul within: "David and Jonathan!" And a little behind—amid a host of stalwart men—all once mighty men of valor walked one, head and shoulders over all dressed almost plainly—with bare head—Saul The son of Kish—but, alas, no longer King.

And then a host of men—a break, and, lo, came two men heading a band of some sixteen men. The leader tall, somewhat of a giant, once fiery eyes, but now full of tenderness, his walk, his manner betraying a quick, fearless, nervous Personage. His dress like that of camel's hair woven in the most exquisite manner—with gems running along the border. By his side a smaller man—a man of passive manners, courtly but rather diffident, yet no coward, still backward, but flashing up to the occasion of service with a most lordly mien. And again the murmur—a shiver from lip to lip:—"The Tishbite!" Elisha, and our glorious Prophets!"

And so they passed by—and then a mixed multitude—for indeed scattered through the former ranks, were plenty of Risen Saints who tho' they were not of the family of Israel still were of the Household of God—and were Princes for God in the days on which they lived on Earth. Men great for God but unknown to the World that loved them not, and who buried them without recording their names.

And now fell a holy hush upon the vast multitude—The first glimpse of **The King** in the distance—. My heart fluttered like a wounded bird—a mist came over mine eyes, a happy mist—at last I should see **The King**—Look in the human face of The Lord Christ!

His feet coming up the broad avenue—He soon would reach the narrow space between the Holy Portion and the boundary of The Sanctuary. But my eye fell on a solitary figure before him—say thirty paces—a young man, in what appeared a rough, but beautifully woven garment—the hem of which blazed with jewels—his long hair falling down over his shoulders—down below his waist—making almost a covering—black as a raven's wing—glossy as silk—and the face of the young man, wreathed with happy smiles—his bearing princely—his step measured with a springing grace—for surely he may well step with happy pride—not pride of self—but with pride at his high station—for was he not now as of old—The Herald of **The King!**—“John the Baptist! Once a voice crying in the Wilderness!”

But now I beheld Him, **The Prince of The Kings of The Earth!**—The Creator of the Universe—The Holy One by whose wish and fiat all things were made—and did then exist!

And He yet too far off to recognize the every lineament of that Blessed Face which for many, many, many years I had so earnestly desired to see. And Now

“Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna! to **Jehovah Jesus!**”

Rang from lip to lip—spreading, spreading—until like the roar of a mighty ocean—the waves of the sea in thunder shaking the ground, filling as it were the air with millions on millions of echoes—the gazers

greeted their **King**. He came alone—a solitary man, rather slender of figure, but stately, tall, clad in white linen of wondrous texture—but without a single gem on the garment which was wrapped around him, girdled at the waist by a linen girdle. Sandals on his feet—and if I could not see I know each foot had a nail print—healed but the scar still visible. I could not see that brow from which the hair rather long fell down on His shoulders—was the hair auburn? But I knew on that brow tho' healed there were yet marks of the crown of thorns! Nearer—nearer—so stately—now looking from side to side—smiling back at those who with great joy cried out to Him. I would soon see His face—But what was that—from one side of the throng I saw running out to The King—a little girl—she seemed a very bird so quickly sped she to His side, down at His feet, He stood, she clasped the sandled feet with one tiny hand, for in the other she held something to her very precious—she kissed the feet, no doubt where the nail prints had been—and as The King looked down on the little mite of humanity—I know a smile was in His eyes, a smile on His face, He stooped to take the little hand in His—and she stood up and held out her hand—and in the little hand the precious thing, to her, that she would give as a gift to **The King**. And afterwards I heard it was a piece of rare coral—for the little maid had been born in one of the far off Islands of the Pacific—a bronze colored child—a native of the Races the white man

had once plundered and murdered ruthlessly in their greed of gain and wanton lust.

So **The King** took the present (to her very valuable indeed) for she had picked it up on the home sands, telling none of her intentions—and none knowing until the present made.

He was well pleased surely—for He looked down and kissed her on the brow—spoke some words to her—and then, hand in hand, with the little maiden, amid the thunder tones of happy, joyous Hosannas—**The King** walked on—but, alas, by this incident—I missed gazing fully on the face of **The King**.

In a few minutes still holding the little one's hand—He ascended the steps of the Great Gate to The Sanctuary—and passed from my view.

CHAPTER XXI

*The King holds open Court today—
The God-head veiled—none dare say nay
To humblest one who praise would bring,
And kiss the Pierced Feet of The King.*

NOW the immediate follower of **The King** was a young man arrayed in white linen—and on his brow a chaplet of rubies—or stones flaming red—red as blood—the stones glowed as if a flame imprisoned inside, shedding a luster where ever he went—no such gems had I seen before in all the very many precious stones with which the Risen Saints were arrayed. The man was young, with a spiritual face, a face of rare beauty—in his eyes was a look as if a white, fair soul looked out on one—his step was light and elastic, his whole appearance very striking—held the eyes as soon as they fell on him—one felt that here a noble character—aye, and so he was—a whisper of one friend to another framed the words:—“Stephen, the first Martyr of The Church!”

A sublime honor—for on state occasions he stood nearest **The King**. Close behind, the thirteen apostles—three standing forth as the unmistakable Leaders—John in the middle, looking a man in full prime of life, a magnificent looking man—every inch a King of men, yet with all a most kind, lovable face. On one side the large, commanding, dignified, lion like, Prince

Peter—on the other side—a man of smaller stature—but with the face of seer, adventurer (in the best sense) keen, alert, intrepid, fearless—yet of singular dignity of sweetness—Paul, at last, I beheld.

The thirteen apostles dressed in white linen, each with a crown—and on Twelve, each crown one of the names of the Tribes of Israel and on Paul's crown "Apostle to the Gentiles," for the twelve were, under **The King**, The Judges over the Tribes—fulfilling the words of **The King**, when in humiliation, as our sin and impurity Bearer, He trod the earth—a King rejected by His own People. And then a mighty host of Risen Saints behind—Great men of the Church, poor saints of the church, who when on earth were despised and laughed at, insulted and ignored by Humanity—Now had come their hour of triumph—(at the judgment seat of **Christ**—when the dead came forth out of their graves, and the living were changing at His second Coming—The Saints were judged according to their actions, thoughts and words in former life on earth, during the years they professed to be Followers of **The Lord Christ**, That judgment a Righteous one—for at the judgment of **Christ** were revealed the spirit that swayed men and women—in thought, word, and deed. The selfish works burned up—no reward given, and that fact a disgrace indeed! The saints whose aim was to "do God's will," in word, thought, and act for **The Christ's** sake—rewarded with honors and crowns. According to their faithfulness even the position of Honors given.)

They all had come before the judgment seat of **Christ**—not on a trial for life or death—the moment a person trusted entirely on **The Christ's** Blood and Merits for Salvation—that moment he had passed from Death unto Life—and had eternal Life, which life could not be forfeited by any deed committed. But from that moment they became responsible to **The Christ**—their thoughts, words and deeds taken notice of—and for such they were judged. Some christians there, “saved as by fire,”—Saved! but no honors conferred on them even of the simplest kind. And not ever the highest, brightest, most learned in the church on Earth, in former ages, now stood foremost of the Kings and Priests among the Risen Saints. Faithfulness to The Truth, faithfulness to the duty that lay nearest to their hands, the smallest duty not ignored for larger, the truly earnest hearted, ignoring their own pride and self, so that **The Christ** honored, exalted—these the Persons who held the highest honors, the grandest rewards given to. Oft once simplest Saints on Earth,

“Stood Foremost of The Sons of Light!”

In the great Court room I could not get close to the throne on which **The King** was seated with His retinue around Him—but at a distance I beheld the audience given by **The King** to the Great Ones of The Earth who now came to do Him Homage.

Already their gifts had been given to the Treasury—for none came before The Presence without a thank offering. Nothing compulsory, no fixed tribute, no ab-

solute amount—simply, a Gift of the Heart—was wanted alone by **The King**.

The Audience Place the largest chamber in the entire Building—aye, without a doubt the largest ever seen by human eye. Along the corridors were assembled Representatives from every Nation on the Globe.

Each Kingdom or nation was represented every year by its Kingly Saint Ruler, and with him a grand array of Princes, and such men of the realm as chosen by the people. Not by any means the same men every year—but the aim to send representative men whom the people loved and honored—sending such men to do an honor to **The King**. And with them ever came The Resident Saint who ruled over the nation, absolutely, supremely when it came to judging matters of Right and Wrong, and interpreting **The King's** Written Laws. It was truly a grand sight to see them in their brave apparel of fine cloth, laces and jewels. To see them draw near **The King**, and all bow in homage before Him, giving Him thanks and Praises for His mercies. He shook the hands of each representative—and had a word apt for all. And so nation after nation passed before Him—words of praise falling from His lips, but not to all, for some received rebuke and some warnings—for sin was not yet Dead in the Human Heart. But the hand refused to none—mercy and love never failed to go out to penitence, with the rebuke was ever a loving condescension. And while The King gave audience to The Kings and Princes of

the Nations—the millions enjoyed themselves after the great sacrifices made on The Altar and accepted by fire on top of Mount Zion.

The King's bounty spread for all, the great dining halls filled with gay feasters. Friends met friends. The sociable discourse among the many—the quiet chat between the two. People who had never seen The Sanctuary before—and every year were thousands of such—walked up and down viewing its many splendors—for indeed to the eye it was a maze of bewildering beauty. One saw one feature to be lost in admiration and viewing would come the thought—naught can equal this!—yet in a minute some other feature seemed to be greater than the great one passed.

And then the music. The house flooded with delicious strains—and human ears heard melodies, composed in the upper Heights. The sweet strains were never silent in The Sanctuary. In some chamber, or the other, voices and instruments ever sent forth sounds of delight.

And so the hours passed—and nothing to note the difference between night and day, except the great clocks in the towers which chimed the Hours. But no confusion amid the millions, no crush, no jam, no overcrowding, no haste, no rushing, no accident, no mishap, no worry, no bustle, no pouting, no sulking, no hard words, no hasty words (or if seemingly such a loving, immediate apology). A Perfect Calm, A Perfect Peace filled all the atmosphere where **The Prince of Peace** Reigned.



CHAPTER XXII

*At last on Earth in Holy Place
To meet Him—see Him face to face,
To hear His words upon my ear—
O King of Mine!—I wish Thee here!*

AS written before the Sanctuary was never closed—not a door closed when came the eventide, (as night shadows fell over the Earth,) being entirely independent of the light of the sun, moon and stars, or of any artificial light, like Gas and Electricity. The Sanctuary was never dark—the Light from the City of the Risen Saints above always flooded its courts with a light clearer than that of the sun seven fold, but light without glitter, glare, or oppressive heat. The atmosphere of the Sanctuary at a steady temperature, no variation in summer nor winter, no fires, nor furnaces, nor hot air, nor steam pipe. The world, and immediate country around, may be white with snow, and have ice on pool and stream—but the grounds of The Sanctuary unchangeable in summer and winter. The air invigorating—so that the feeblest had the power and strength to walk the length and breadth of The Sanctuary without feeling weak or tired, or distressed. So that a tired person was never seen in the limits of the House.

The Levites were busy during the Great Feast, but the relays at stated hours, the changing of the various officers and attendants made no laborious hours, for no faint, tired, nor weary person ever allowed to minister in **The King's** House. All was a service of Love, a loving servitude that knew no fear, but that of a goodly one—and every one well instructed in their various duties—for Love and Law—went hand in hand, and none in all the Sanctuary dared to transgress the Written Rules of the House. No presumption, no usurpation of office, for if one offended the punishment was swift—and for glaring continued offenses—Death. The King in His wisdom laid down the Rules, not one of them a burden, nor offensive, nor harsh, nor repellent—but they were rules that had to be obeyed. And none here could do a wrong act with impunity, for no matter how secret, it was instantly known—A Risen Saint stood by the offender's side as soon as offence committed—**The King** had flashed a message to the Saint, and the Saint quick in execution of **The King's** behest. And so Humanity saw quickly that with transgression there was no compromise—and none could commit the simplest wrong with impunity. To be sure the Death penalty only in the most flagrant offences—but for other offences, perhaps, the dire disgrace of banishment from The Sanctuary service forever—or banishment until **The King** Pardoned. And no dallying with petty, so called trivial offences, there were no trivial offences passed

by looked over in The Sanctuary. The Place was Holy, Sacred and it was kept so.

The Levites came in courses at stated hours, while that Division of Levites served at the Sanctuary. For certain families had certain weeks and months to serve, when completed they were relieved by other courses and family. For monotony was not tolerated in The Sanctuary. It was alone a love servitude—and if not given as a heart service that soul no longer permitted to do service before **The King**. And as **The King** read the hearts of all, each Levite strove earnestly to be in accord with **The King** in thought, word and act.

Hence whenever a stranger entered one of The Gates a Levite stood always ready to greet, and give him a hearty welcome, nothing of a make believe welcome, but the stranger knew from eye, words and actions of the welcoming Levite, that here was a friend anxious to relieve his every want, to comfort, to cheer, to give him of his heart's desire as far as in him lay. The Levite was not only a servant—but at once a loving friend, a tender brother, a wise counsellor. And no service too exacting on the point of the stranger to be ignored by The Levite. A divine patience necessary in a good many instances—and a Divine Patience ever ready, always given for the true Levite had an unexhaustible supply to draw from—in the loving face of **The King**.

The Levites also had control of The Human Department of Choral services for the outer ranges of

Buildings in the Sanctuary. Singers and Players in their appointed chambers—For the Ritual of musical Praise constantly sounding in some parts of the vast Building. The Courts had ever some sweet melody sounding along them, softly echoing the ravishing strains. And while The Levites controlled and appointed the Singers and players, the sweet voiced cunning players of all the world chosen. Men and Women Singers, carefully trained, in bands coming and going at various hours, relieved before weariness of voice, or heart, or brain made a falter, or gave a false note—for perfection, ever more the aim—the rule—the pride of both Singers and Players. Every known musical instrument that gave sweet melody here employed, all the instruments made by the most cunning artificer. And such melody when the grand chorus swelled out, with the many cunning instruments, like gorgeous back ground as it were—sometimes like the rush of thunder, the swell of the ocean to carry the volume of Praise aloft heavenward so as to beat its fragrance as it were at the feet of **The King**—sometimes sweet, low, tender, delicate melody, soft as hum of a humming bird, or ripple of a tiny rivulet singing at night time in a summer wood, sweet and soft as a maiden whispering for the first time to her own heart—the thought—I love Him! And so night and day—the Singers and Players there to welcome and fill with gladness the worshipper at Jehovah's Throne.

For now **The King** wanted glad service—He wanted happy hearts to approach Him. For is He not—"The

Happy God"? The days of loud prayers, soul wrappings over, the night that called for tears, and moans, and bitter prayers had passed away. Faith no longer wore the Crown—Sight all radiant, beautiful, and bright the heritage of all Humanity. "Believe!" No longer the keynote, the touch stone, the one thing paramount—Now the Good News, the message was,— "Come and see Him!" And so the night had fled away, unbelief no longer possible. Now faith and hope had folded their glorious Banners, wanted no longer for Love stood triumphant! Love in a Person, to be seen, touched, heard, handled—by "Who so ever will."

Not that the Sinner's need of a Saviour now a vain thing—nay, **The Christ** wanted now the same as ever, His Life—His Death, His Resurrection, Now as essential as ever to every one born into the world—but the time of Preachers, Evangelists, Pastors passed away forever—for all knew of Him—and all that wished could Behold Him! for at the Great Feasts when the nations, as represented by their chosen men, came before Him to do Him homage—then came any person who wished, and passed before Him.

No favouritism with **The King**—He knew no rich, no poor as such—when men came SINGLY BEFORE HIM they stood before Him in no official trappings, of no human distinction, as no leader, nor great one—each came as an individual person who desired to look in the face of The King.

Order was supreme, and certain rules had to be obeyed. Authority and persons in authority were received by Him and their dignity of office suffered not at His welcoming—Delegated authority given to certain men—and when they acted in that capacity they came before **The King** to receive the honor, and courtesy due to them—they were not recognized as individuals in their official capacity.

But when the Nations, Provinces, Cities, Towns and Hamlets' officers came before Him, and were treated as such in the interview, afterwards which ever of those officers wanted a private interview, then that person stood before **The King**—simply as a human with no more right nor privilege than any other human. For while no Republics known in The King's Dominion, the Kingdoms and their bounds established, were all recognized by Him, and powers delegated to men of His choosing.

For **The King** stood **The Imperial Czar, The Autocrat**, and worked His own will among the children of men.

Now while Officials were received in State in the Great Chamber set aside for that, the private audiences always given alone in one of the Eastern chambers set aside for the use of The Prince. He alone the Creator of The Body, Soul and Spirit of man—met the Creature face to face, and none saw the unveiling of the Creature to The Christ—that interview sacred.

And so when Ricardo came to me, with the sweetest flame of love in his eyes, his hands clasping mine

more nervous than ever, I had felt it before, his whisper the sweetest and most tender than ever fell on my ear—my heart flushed with joy unspeakable:—

“Come! Beloved, The King has sent thee a message—His love—He desireth to see Thee!”

On, and on, I trod with feet of air, my heart beating peacefully, but with a wide open flood gate of joy pouring sweet thoughts over me.

To see **The King in His Beauty!**

To see The One who had wrought out for me a Perfect Righteousness by ever doing while on earth The will of **The Father—The Christ** who shed His life blood for my sins—He the Perfect—the only Saviour—to look in His face!—

Ricardo led me on—I took no note of how long the way—of what corridors we passed through—my soul was thinking of a Person! At last we stood before a closed door—by it stood a Risen Saint who welcomed me—Ricardo threw his arms around my neck—how we kissed each other—but both too full of joy for words, for he was unspeakably happy in beholding my joy—then he turned away and left me alone with The Risen Saint.

The Saint took my hand in his—he opened the door—he gently thrust me forward into the room—I heard the door close—I knew a Solitary Figure was standing a few feet from me—I did not look up, but with a great cry of joy I knelt down at The feet, I clasped them, I saw the nail prints, I kissed them lovingly,

passionately, tenderly—a hand lifted me up—I saw the nail prints in the palm—and now the moment had come at last to me, the moment I had thought of for many, many years—my life's wish—I looked up, and saw, THE FACE OF **Jesus Christ!**

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

The Coming of the King
 Waiting for The King
 That Jew
 The City of Antichrist
 The Imperial
 Songs in the Waiting
 The Antichrist
 The Whip of God
 An Unclean Spirit
 Songs from a Watch-Tower
 Jewish Title to Asia Minor

SQUIBS

The Hyper Critics
 The Baptist Deacon's Prayer
 The Devil's Cuckoo
 The Baptist Deacon's Golden Dream
 Professor of University of Chicago to Students
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